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THE NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY

ENGLISH DICTIONARY

English Dictionary

By Joseph B. B. B.

VOL. IV

W. B. B. B.

Printed and Published by B. B. B.

W. B. B. B.

C H O I C E

Of the best poetical pieces of the most eminent

ENGLISH POETS.

P u b l i s h e d

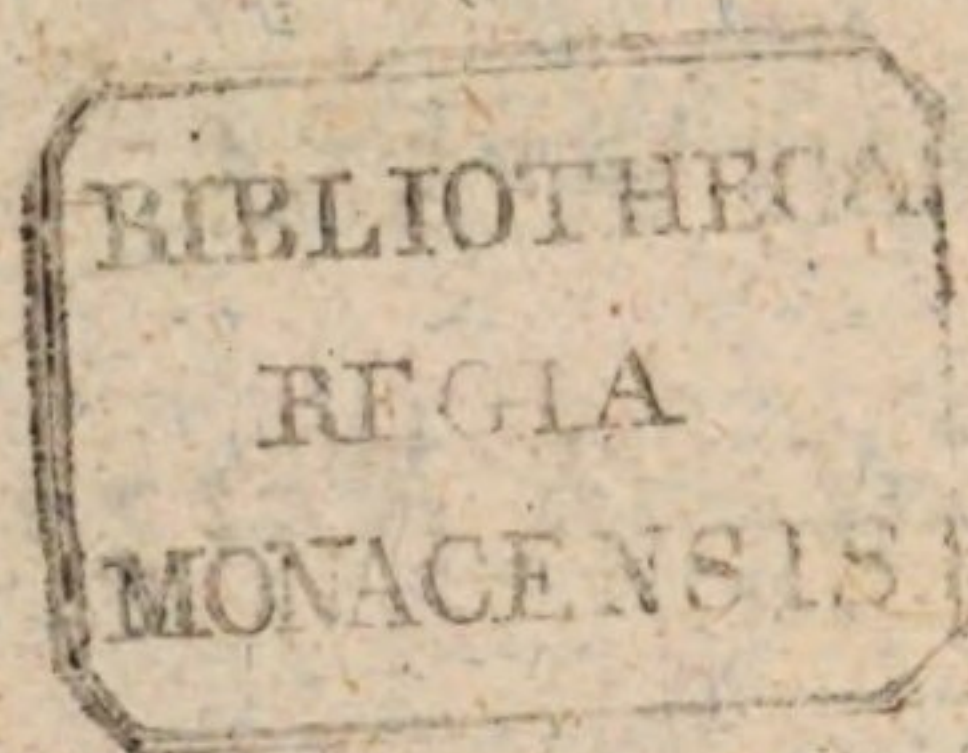
By Joseph Retzer.

V o l. IV.

V i e n n a

Printed for John David Hoerling.

MDCCLXXXVI.



To the People of Great Britain.

In Imitation of the sixth Ode of the third
Book of Horace.

Written in 1746.

Briton ! the thunder of the wrath divine ,
Due to thy fathers crimes, and long with - held from
 thine ,
Shall burst with tenfold rage on thy devoted head ,
 Unless with conscious terrors aw'd ,
 By meek , heart - struck repentance led ,
Suppliant thou fall before th' offended God ,
If haply yet thou may'st avert his ire ,
And stay his arm out - stretch'd to launce th' aven-
 ging fire.

Did not high God of old ordain,
When to thy grasp he gave the scepter of the main,

That empire in this favour'd land
 Fix'd on religion's solid base should stand?
 When from thy struggling neck he broke
 Th' inglorious, galling, papal yoke,
 Humbled the pride of haughty Spain,
 And freed thee by a woman - hero's hand,
 He then confirm'd the strong decree:
 „ Briton, be virtuous and be free,
 „ Be truth, be sanctity thy guide,
 „ Be humble, fear thy God, and fear thou none beside. “

Oft has th' offended Pow'r his rising anger shown:
 Led on by his avenging hand,
 Rebellion triumphs in the land:
 Twice have her barbarous sons our war - train'd hosts
 o'erthrown.

They fell a cheap inglorious prey;
 Th' ambitious victor's boast was half suppress'd,
 While heav'n - bred fear and wild dismay
 Unman'd the warrior's heart, and reign'd in every
 breast.

Her arms to foreign lands Brittania bore,
 Her arms, auspicious now no more!
 With frequent conquests where the fires were crown'd,
 The sons ill - fated fell, and bit the hostile ground:

The tame, war - trading Belgian fled,
While in his cause the Briton bled:
The Gaule stood wond'ring at his own success;
Oft did his hardiest bands their wonted fears confess,
Struck with dismay and meditating flight,
While the brave foe still urg'd th' unequal fight,
While William with his father's ardour fir'd,
Through all th'undaunted host the generous flame ins-
pir'd!

But heavier far the weight of shame,
That sunk Brittania's naval fame:
In vain she spreads her once victorious sails;
Or fear, or rashness in her chiefs prevails,
And wildly these prevent, those basely shun the fight;
Content with humble praise, the foe
Avoids the long impending blow,
Improves the kind escape, and triumphs in his flight.
The monstrous age, which still increasing years debase,
Which teems with unknown crimes, and genders
new disgrace,
First, unrestrain'd by honour, faith or shame,
Confounding every sacred name,
The hallow'd nuptial bed with lawless lust profan'd:
Deriv'd from this polluted source,

The dire corruption held its course
Through the whole canker'd race, and tainted all the
land.

The rip'ning maid is vers'd in every dangerous art,
'That ill adorns the form, while it corrupts the heart:
Practis'd to dress, to dance, to play,
In wanton mask to lead the way,
To move the pliant limbs, to roll the luring eye,
With folly's gayest partizans to vye
In empty noise and vain expence,
'To celebrate with flaunting air
The midnight revels of the fair,
Studious of every praise, but virtue, truth and sense,
Thus lesson'd in intrigue her early thought improves,
Nor meditates in vain forbidden loves:
Soon the gay nymph in Cyprus train shall rove
Free and at large amidst th' Idalian grove,
Or haply jealous of the voice of fame,
Mask'd in the matron's sober name,
With many a well - dissembled wile
The kind convenient husband's care beguile;
More deeply ver'd in Venus' mystic lore,
Yet for such meaner arts too lofty and sublime,
The proud, high - born, patrician whore
Bears unabash'd her front, and glories in her crime.

Hither from city and from court
 The votaries of love resort,
 The rich, the great, the gay and the severe,
 The pension'd architect of laws,
 The patriot, loud in virtue's cause,
 Proud of imputed worth, the peer:
 Regardless of his faith, his country or his name,
 He pawns his honour and estate,
 Nor reckons, at how dear a rate
 He purchases disease and servitude and shame.

Not from such dastard fires, to every virtue lost,
 Spring the brave youth, which Britain once could boast,
 Who curb'd the Gaul's usurping sway,
 Who swept th' unnumber'd hosts away
 In Agincourt and Cressy's glorious plain,
 Who dy'd the seas with spanish blood,
 Their vainly - vaunted fleets subdu'd,
 And spread the mighty wreck o'er all the vanquish'd
 main.

No — 'twas a generous race, by worth transmissive
 known:

In their bold breast their fathers spirit glow'd,
 In their pure veins their mothers virtue flow'd,
 They made hereditary praise their own.

The fire his emulous offspring led
 The rougher paths of fame to tread ;
 The matron train'd their spotless youth
 In honour, sanctity and truth ;
 Form'd by th' united parents care ,
 The sons, tho' bold, were wise, the daughters chaste,
 tho' fair.

How time , all - wasting , ev'n the worst impairs ,
 And each foul age to dregs still fouler runs !
 Our fires , more vicious ev'n than theirs ,
 Left us still more degenerate heirs ,
 To spawn a baser brood of monster - breeding sons.
Lowth,

The Pleasures of May.

O ! spread thy green mantle , sweet May , o'er the
 ground ,
 Drive the blasts of chill winter away ,
 Let the birds sweetly carol, thy flow'rets smile round,
 And let us with all nature be gay !
 Let spleen, spite and envy, those clouds of the mind,
 Be dispers'd by the sunshine of joy ;
 The pleasures of Eden had bless'd human kind ,
 Had no fiend enter'd there to destroy.

As *May* with her magic can warm the cold earth,
 Let each fair with the season improve;
 Be widows restor'd from their mourning to mirth,
 And hart - hearted maids yield to love.
 The soldier, turn'd shepherd, soft passion shall learn,
 And breathe out his woes in the shade;
 The divine become warlike, in frolic shall turn
 The stiff - band to a sprightly cockade.
 Tho' the red coat and black coat this season trans-
 forms,
 And melts marble hearts into sighs,
 Sweet *May* can do more; for it wakens and warms,
 And gives spirit to beaux and to flies.
 Bring roses and myrtles to crown the gay feast;
 Its joy let each bosom impart:
 When pleasure is giv'n, and felt by each guest,
 'Tis the *May* of the mind and the heart.
Garrick.

O d e t o D r a g o n,

Mr. Garrick's House - dog at Hampton.

Dragon! since lyrics are the mode,
 To thee I dedicate my Ode,
 And reason good I plead;

Are those, who can not write, to blame,
To dedicate their hopes of fame
To those, who cannot read?

O cou'd I, like that nameless wight, *)
Find the choice minute when to write,
The millia tempora fandi!
Like his, my muse should learn to whistle
A true Heroical Epistle
In strains, which never can die,

Father of lyric, tuneful *Horace*!
Can thy great shade do nothing for us,
To mend the british lyre?
One luckless bard has broke the strings,
Seiz'd the scar'd muses, pluck'd their wings,
And put out all their fire.

Dragon, thou tyrant of the yard,
Great namesake of that furious guard,
That watch'd the fruits Hesperian!
Thy choicer treasures safely keep,
Nor snatch one moment's guilty sleep,
Fidelity's criterion.

*) The admirable Epistle to Sir William Chambers.

O Dragon ! change with me thy fate ,

To me give up thy place and state ,

And I will give thee mine.

I, left to think , and thou to feed ,

My mind enlarg'd , thy body freed ,

How blest my lot and thine !

Then shalt thou scent the rich regale

Of Turtle and diluting Ale ,

Nay , share the fav'ry bit ,

And see , what thou hast never seen ,

For thou hast but at Hampton been ,

A feast devoid of wit.

Oft shalt thou snuff the smoaking venison ,

Devour'd , alone , by gorging denizen ,

So fresh , thou'lt long to tear it ;

Tho' *Flaccus* tells a diff'rent tale

Of social souls, who chose it stale ,

Because their friends should share it.

And then on me what joys wou'd wait ,

Were I the guardian of thy gate ,

How uselefs bold and latch !

How vain were locks , and bars how vain ,

To shield from harm the household train,
Whom I, from love, would watch!

Not that 'twou'd crown with joy my life,
'That *Bowden* *) or that *Bowden's* wife
Brought me my daily pickings,
Tho' she suspends the scales of Fate,
And deals the scanty mortal date
To turkeys and to chickens;

Tho' fir'd with innocent ambition,
Bowden, great Nature's rhetorician,
More flow'rs than *Burke* produces,
And tho' he's skill'd more roots to find,
'Than ever fill'd an Hebrew's mind,
And better knows their uses.

I'd get my master's ways by rote.
Ne'er wou'd I bark at ragged coat,
Nor tear the tatter'd finner;
Like him, I'd love the Dog of merit,
Carefs the car of broken spirit,
And give them all a dinner.

*) Mr. Garrick's gardener.

I'd copy too his blue - ey'd wife,
A very Pallas on my life,

Yet I've a doubt just started —
For what shou'd Pallas have to do
With Venus, and her Cestus too?
Indeed they shou'd be parted.

Whene'er I heard the ratt'ling coach
Proclaim their long - desir'd approach,
How wou'd I haste to greet them!
Nor ever feel, I wore a chain,
Till, starting, I perceiv'd with pain,
I cou'd not fly to meet' em.

The master loves his sylvan shades,
Here with the nine melodious maids
His choicest hours are spent.
Yet I shall hear some witling cry,
(Such witling from my presence fly!)
„ Garrick will soon repent.

„ Again you'll see him, never fear;
„ Some half a dozen times a year
„ He still will charm the age.
„ Accustom'd long to be admir'd,

„ Of shades and streams he'll soon be tir'd ,
„ And languish for the stage. “

Peace ! — To his solitude he bears
The full - blown fame of thirty years.

He bears a nation's praise ,
He bears his lib'ral, polish'd mind ,
His worth, his wit, his sense refin'd ,
He bears his grove of Bays.

When others drop the heart - felt tear ,
Because this Sun has left his sphere ,
And set at highest noon ,
I'll drop a tear as warm, as true ,
I lov'd his beams as well as you ,
And mourn they' re set so soon.

But all in vain his orb he quits ;
Still there, in Memory's eye, he fits ,
And will, till Time be done ;
For he shall shine, while Taste survives ,
And he shall shine, while Genius lives ,
A never - setting Sun.

Adieu l'Amour.

Here end my chains, and thralldom cease,
 If not in joy, I'll live at least in peace.
 Since for the pleasures of an hour
 We must endure an age of pain,
 I'll be this abject thing no more:
 Love, give me back my heart again.

Despair tormented first my breast,
 Now falshood, a more cruel guest:
 O! for the peace of human kind
 Make women longer true, or sooner kind;
 With justice, or with mercy reign,
 Or, Love! or give me back my heart again.

Granville Lord Lansdowne.

V e r s e s,

At the request of a Gentleman, to whom a
 Lady had given a Spring of Myrtle.

What hopes, what terrors does thy gift create,
 Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate!
 The Myrtle (ensign of supreme command,

Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand)
 Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
 Oft favours, of rejects a lover's pray'r:
 In mirtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
 In mirtle shades despairing ghosts complain;
 'The mirtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
 'Th' unhappy lovers graves the myrtle spreads;
 O! then the meaning of thy gift impart,
 And ease the throbbing of an anxious heart;
 Soon must this bough, as You shall fix his doom,
 Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

Johnson.

H u n t i n g S o n g.

When Phoebus the tops of the hills doth adorn,
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn!
 When the antling stag is rous'd with the sound,
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
 And thinks, he hath left us behind on the plain:

But still we pursue,

And now come in view

Of the glorious game.

O see how again he rears up his head,

And, winged with fear, he redoubles his speed:

But

Yet should I not repent my follies past,
 Cou'd you take up, and grow reserv'd at last;
 'Twould please me, parted from your fatal charms,
 To see you happy in another arms.
 Whatever threat'nings fury might extort,
 Oh! fear not, I shou'd ever do you hurt;
 For tho' my former passion is remov'd,
 I wou'd not injure one, I once have lov'd.
 Adieu! while thus I waste my time in vain,
 Sure there are maids, I might intirely gain;
 I'll search for such, and to the first, that's true,
 Resign the heart so hardly freed from you.

Walsh.

Prologue to Sophonisba.

At Oxford 1680.

Thespis, the first professor of our art,
 At country - wakes sung ballads from a cart.
 To prove this true, if Latin be no trespass,
Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis.
 But Aeschylus, says Horace in some page,
 Was the first mountebank, that trode the stage:
 Yet Athens never knew your learned sport

Of tossing poets in a *tennis - court*.

But 'tis the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new reformation,
And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,
Jack Presbyter shall here erect his throne,
Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
And ev'ry pray'r be longer than a play.

Then all your heathen wits shall go to pot
For disbelieving of a *Popish - plot* :

Your poets shall be us'd like infidels,

And worst the author of the *Oxford bells* :

Nor should we 'scape the sentence, to depart
E'en in our first original, a cart.

No zealous brother there would want a stone,

To maul us *cardinals*, and pelt Pope *Joan* :

Religion, learning, wit wou'd be suppress'd,

Rags of the whore, and trappings of the beast :

Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin must go down

As chief supporters of the triple crown,

And Aristotle's for destruction ripe ;

Some say, he call'd the soul an organ - pipe,

Which, by some little help of derivation,

Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inspiration.

Dryden.

S o n g.

From all uneasy passions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealousy,
Contented I had been too blest,
If love and you had let me rest.
Yet that dull life I now despise;
Safe from your eyes,
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidst a thousand kind desires,
Which beauty moves, and love inspires,
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart so soft as mine can bear.
Yet I'll defy the worst of harms:
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life, to die within your arms.
Sheffield Duke of Buckingham.

To a Lady with a Present of Flowers.

The fragrant painting of our flow'ry fields,
'The choicest stores, that youthfull summer yields,
Strephon to fair Elisa hath convey'd,
The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.

O cheer the flowers, my fair, and let them rest
 On the Elysium of thy snowy breast,
 And there regale the smell, and charm the view
 With richer odours and a lovelier hue.
 Learn hence, nor fear a flatt'rer in the flow'r,
 'This form divine and beauty's matchless pow'r.
 Faint, near thy cheeks, the bright carnation glows,
 And thy ripe lips out - blush the op'ning rose:
 'The lily's snow betrays less pure a light,
 Lost in thy bosom's more un sullied white,
 And wreaths of jess'mine shed perfumes beneath
 Th'ambrosial incense of thy balmy breath.

'Ten thousand beauties grace the rival pair:
 How fair the chaplet, and the Nymph how fair!
 But ah! too soon these fleeting charms decay,
 The fading lustre of one hast'ning day.
 'This night shall see the gaudy wreath decline,
 The roses whiter, and the lilies pine.

'The garland's fate to thine shall be apply'd,
 And what advanc'd thy form, shall check thy pride:
 Be wise, my fair, the present hour improve,
 Let joy be new, and now a waste of love;
 Each drooping bloom shall plead thy just excuse,
 And that, which shew'd thy beauty, shew its use.

Tickell.

Shakespeare in the Shades.

As Shakespeare rang'd over the regions below
 With Mules attending his side,
 'The first of his Critics, he met with, was *Rowe*,
 Tho' to keep out of fight he had try'd.

How comes it, friend Nicholas, said the old Bard,
 While Nick was preparing a speech,
 My ruins so coarsely by you were repair'd,
 Who grace to the Graces could teach?

Had the time, you employ'd, when the *Biter* *)
 you wrote,
 So his'd by the critical throng,
 Been spent upon mending the holes in my coat,
 I had not been ragged so long.

Rowe blush'd, and made way for diminutive *Pope*,
 Whom Shakespeare address'd with a frown,
 And said: some apology, sure, I may hope,
 From you and your friend in the gown. **)

*) The *Biter* was an attempted Comedy by *Rowe*,
 which was received with contempt.

**) Warburton,

Had the murth' rous knife, which my Plays has de-
stroy'd

By lopping full many a scene ,
To make you a lover like him, been employ'd,
How flat Cibber's letter had been !

Pope sneak'd off confounded , and *Hanmer* drew near ,
Whose softness a savage might melt ;
So Shakespeare said only : Sir 'Thomas , I fear,
With gloves on my beauties you felt.

Supported by Caxton , by Winkin upheld ,
Next *Tibbald* crept forward to fight ;
Is this , quoth the Poet , the thing , that rebell'd,
And dar'd , even Pope , to the fight ?

To kennel , good 'Tib , for a time will arrive ,
When all in their senses shall know ,
That half of your consequence , 'Tib , you derive
From the lash of so envied a foe.

Eight hundred old plays, *) thou declar'st, thou hast
read ,

*) There is such an assertion in 'Theobald's preface
to the first edition of his Shakespeare.

How could'st thou the public so cozen?
 Yet the traces I see, spite of what thou hast said,
 Of no many more than a dozen.

If all thou hadst dug, how could *Tarmer*, my *Tib*,
 Or *Steevens* find gold in the mine?

Thy trade of Attorney, sure, taught thee to fib,
 And Truth was no client of thine.

And yet, to appease me for all, thou hast done,
 And shew, thou art truly my friend,
 Go watch, and to me with intelligence run,
 When *Johnson* and *Capell* descend.

For *Johnson*, with all his mistakes I must love,
 Even love from the injur'd he gains:
 But *Capell* a camrade for dulness will prove,
 And him thou mayst take for thy pains.

The Conversation, a Tale.

It always has been thought discreet,
 To know the company you meet,
 And, sure, there may be secret danger
 In talking much before a stranger.

Agreed. What then? Then drink your ale;
I'll pledge you, and repeat my tale.

No matter, where the scene is fix'd;
The persons were but odly mix'd,
When sober Damon thus began:
(And **Damon** is a clever man)

I now grow old, but still from youth
Have held for modesty and truth;
The men, who by these sea - marks steer,
In life's great voyage never err.
Upon this point I dare defy
The world: I pause for a reply.

Sir, either is a good assistant,
Said one, who sat a little distant.
Truth decks our speeches and our books,
And modesty adorns our looks:
But farther progress we must take;
Not only born to look and speak,
The man must act. The *Stagirite*
Says thus, and says extremely right;
Strict justice is the sovereign guide,
That o'er our actions should preside.
This Queen of virtue is confess'd,
To regulate and bind the rest.
Thrice happy, if you can but find
Her equal balance poise your mind:

All diff'rent graces soon will enter,
Like lines concurrent to their center.

'Twas thus, in short, these two went on
With yea and nay, and pro and con
'Thro' many points divinely dark,
And *Waterland* assaulting *Clarke*,
'Till, in theology half lost,
Damon took up the Evening - Post,
Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
And deep in politics held forth.

Methinks, we're in the like condition
As at the treaty of partition;
That stroke, for all King William's care,
Begot another tedious war.
Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
Ne'er much approv'd that mystic league;
In the vile Utrecht treaty too,
Poor man! he found enough to do.
Sometimes to me he did apply,
But downright Dunstable was I,
And told him, where they were mistaken,
And counsell'd him, to save his bacon,
But (pass his politics and prose)
I never herded with his foes,
Nay, in his verses, as a friend,
I still found something to commend.

Sir, I excus'd his Nut - brown Maid,
 Whate'er severer critics said:
 Too far, I own, the girl was try'd.
 The women all were on my side.
 For Alma I return'd him thanks,
 I lik'd her with her little pranks;
 In deed, poor Solomon, in rhyme,
 Was much to grave, to be sublime.
 Pindar and Damon scorn transition,
 So on he ran a new division,
 Til, out of breath, he turn'd to spit.
 (Chance often helps us more than wit)
 Th'other that lucky moment took,
 Just nick'd the time, broke in, and spoke:
 Of all the gifts, the Gods afford,
 (If we may take old Tully's word)
 The greatest is a friend, whose love
 Knows how to praise, and when reprove;
 From such a treasure never part,
 But hang the jewel on your heart:
 And pray, Sir (it delights me) tell;
 You know this author mighty well —
 Know him! D'ye question it? Ods fish!
 Sir, does a beggar know his dish?
 I lov'd him, as I told you, I
 Advis'd him — Here a stander - by

Twitch'd Damon gent'ly by the cloke,
 And thus unwilling silence broke:
 Damon, 'tis time we should retire;
 The man, you talk with, is Matt. Prior.

Patron thro' life, and from thy birth my friend,
 Dorset, to thee this fable let me send.
 With Damon's lightness weigh thy solid worth:
 The foil is known to set the diamond forth.
 Let the feign'd tale this real moral give,
 How many Damons, how few Dorsets live!

Prior.

To the Memory of a Fair Young Lady.

When black with shades this mourning vault appears,
 And the relenting marble flows with tears,
 Think then, what griefs a parent's bosom wound,
 Whose fatal loss enrich'd this hallow'd ground.

Strow lilies here, and myrtle wreaths prepare,
 To crown the fading triumphs of the fair:
 Here blooming youth and charming beauties lie,
 Till Earth resigns them to their native sky;
 Like china, laid for ages to refine,
 And make her body, like her soul, divine.
 Unmingled may the fragrant dust remain,

No common earth the sacred sweets prophane;
 But let her urn preserve its virgin store,
 Chaste and unsully'd, as she liv'd before.

Yalden.

T o M i r a.

Nature indulgent, provident and kind,
 In all things, that excel, some use design'd.
 The radiant sun, of every heavenly light
 The first, (did Mira not dispute that right)
 Sends from above ten thousand blessings down;
 Nor is he set so high for show alone.
 His beams, reviving with auspicious fire,
 Freely we all enjoy, what all admire:
 The moon and stars, those faithful guides of night,
 Are plac'd to help, not entertain the sight:
 Plants, fruits and flow'rs the fertile fields produce
 Not for vain ornament, but wholesome use;
 Health they restore, and nourishment they give,
 We see with pleasure, but we taste to live.

Then think not, Mira, that thy form was meant
 More to create desire, than to content.
 Would the just Gods so many charms provide,
 Only to gratify a mortal's pride?

Would they have form'd thee so above thy sex,
 Only to play the tyrant, and to vex?
 'Tis impious pleasure, to delight in harm,
 And Beauty should be kind, as well as charm.

G. Granville Lord Lansdowne.

A Persian Song of Hafiz. *)

Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
 And bid these arms thy neck infold,
 That rosy cheek, that lily hand
 Would give thy poet more delight,
 Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
 Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
 And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
 Wate'er the frowning zealots say:
 Tell them, their Eden cannot show
 A stream so clear as Rocrabad,
 A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

*) Poems consisting chiefly of translations from
 the Asiatic Languages. London 1777. 8.

O ! when these fair perfidious maids ,
 Whose eyes our secret haunts infest ,
 Their dear destructive charms display ,
 Each glance my tender breast invades ,
 And robs my wounded soul of rest ,
 As Tartars seize their destin'd prey .

In vain with love our bosoms glow :
 Can all our tears , can all our sighs
 New lustre to those charms impart ?
 Can cheeks , where living roses blow ,
 Where nature spreads her richest dyes ,
 Require the borrow'd gloss of art ?

Speak of not fate : — ah ! change the theme ;
 And talk of odours , talk of wine ,
 Talk of the flowers , that round us bloom ;
 'Tis all a cloud , 'tis all a dream ;
 To love and joy thy thoughts confine ,
 Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom .

Beauty has such resistless power ,
 That even the chaste Egyptian dame
 Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy ;
 For her how fatal was the hour ,

When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear:
(Youth should attend, when those advise,
Whom long experience renders sage)
While musick charms the ravish'd ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips, which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung.
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say:
But o! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph, for whom these notes are sung.

A D i r g e.

Bow the head, thou lily fair,
Bow the head in mournful guise!
Sickly turn thy shining white,
Bend thy stalk, and never rise!

Shed thy leaves, thou lovely rose,
Shed thy leaves so sweet and gay!
Spread them wide on the cold earth,
Quickly let them fade away!

Fragrant woodbine, all untwine,
All untwine from yonder bower!
Drag thy branches on the ground,
Stain with dust each tender flower!

For, woe is me! the gentle knot,
That did in willing durance bind
My *Emma* and her happy swain,
By cruel death is now untwin'd.

Her head with dim half-closed eyes
Is bowed upon her breast of snow,
And cold and faded are those cheeks,
That wont with chearful red to glow.

And mute is that harmonious voice,
That wont to breathe the sounds of love,
And lifeless are those beauteous limbs,
That with such ease and grace did move.

And I of all my blifs be reft,
Lonely and fad muft ever moan,
Dead to each joy, the world can give,
Alive to memory alone.

Aikin.

On Mr. Nash's Picture

at full length between the bufts of Sir Ifaak
Newton and Mr. Pope at Bath.

The old Ægyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic drefs,
To give men pains in fearch of it,
And please themfelves with guefs.

Moderns, to hit the felf - fame path,
And exercife their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath:
Forgive them, God of Arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
 All Wisdom does express;
 His knowledge gives mankind delight,
 Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true Wit,
 The sunshine of the mind;
 Read o'er his works in search of it,
 You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents man in the mass,
 Made up of Wrong and Right,
 Sometimes a K —, sometimes an A —,
 Now blunt and now polite.

The picture, plac'd the busts between,
 Adds to the thought much strength;
 Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
 But Folly's at full length.

Chesterfield.

T o t h e W i n d.

Sweet silent breeze of noon, to thee
 The proudest bosom still is free.

With softest murmur greet the maid,
Tho whose cold heart my vows are paid.
Full oft to thee, sweet - soothing guest,
She loosens all her snowy breast,
And oh, no gently swelling sail,
That opens to thy passing gale,
E'er heaved so lovely to the sight,
As heaves that breast of soft delight,
Than winter's shroud more white.

Each charm, which you alone may see,
Returning tell to none but me.
Search all, that courts or shuns the eye,
And mingle with her parting sigh.
Thy breath, thence fraught with balmy power,
On every weed shall leave a flower:
Yet none like that fair rose shall be,
Which dyes her cheek, when kissed by thee.
The morning's blush, or evening's glow,
The blooming spring, or wat'ry bow
No tints so fair can show.

Holdenpott.

The Rose - Bud.

See, Flavia, see that budding rose,
How bright beneath the bush it glows,
How safely there it lurks conceal'd,
How quickly blasted, when reveal'd!

The sun with warm attractive rays
Tempt's it to wanton in the blaze:
A blast descends from eastern skies,
And all its blushing radiance dies.

Then guard, my fair! your charms divine,
And check the fond desire to shine,
Where fame's transporting rays allure,
While here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid
Shall make you sigh, you left the shade,
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
As to the rose an eastern wind.

The nymph reply'd: „ You first, my swain,
„ Confine your sonnets to the plain;
„ One envious tongue alike disarms
„ You of your wit, me of my charms.

„ What is , unheard , the tunefull thrill ,
„ Or what , unknown , the poet's skill ?
„ What , unadmir'd , a charming mien ,
„ Or what the rose's blush , unseen ? “

William Lyttelton , Esq.

Few happy Matches.

Say, mighty love, and teach my song,
To whom my sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs,
Whose yielding heart and joining hands
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way;
If their be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not fordid souls of earthly mould,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move:

So two rich mountains of Peru
 May rush to wealthy marriage too,
 And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe, that hell inspires
 With wanton flames; those raging fires
 The purer bliss destroy:
 On Ætna's top let furies wed,
 And sheets of lightning dress the bed,
 To improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs, whose marble forms
 None of the melting passions warms,
 Can mingle hearts and hands:
 Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,
 Are marry'd just like Stoic souls,
 With offers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
 Still silent, or that still complain,
 Can the dear bondage bless:
 As well may heavenly comforts spring
 From too old lutes with ne'er a string,
 Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
To jarring souls of angry mould

The rugged and the keen :
Samson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of chearful wedlock dwell

With fire - brands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind ;

For love abhors the fight :
Loose the fierce tyger from the deer ;
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet ;
'Tis friendship , makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves :

Bright *Venus* on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone ,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

Valentine's Day. *)

The tuneful choir in amorous strains
 Accost their feather'd loves,
 While each fond mate with equal pains
 The tender suit approves.

With chearful hop from spray to spray
 They sport along the meads,
 In social bliss together stray,
 Where love or fancy leads.

Through spring's gay scenes each happy pair
 Their fluttering joys pursue,
 Its various charms produce and share,
 For ever kind and true.

Their sprightly notes from every shade
 Their mutual loves proclaim,

C 5

*) About this time of the year, viz. February 14, the birds in England choose their mates, and probably thence came the custom of the young men and maidens, chusing *Valentine's* or special loving friends on that day. S. Bailey's Etymological English Dictionary.

'Till winter's chilling blasts invade
And damp th'enlivening flame.

Then all the jocund scene declines,
Nor woods nor meads delight:
The drooping tribe in secret pines,
And mourns th' unwelcome fight.

Go, blissful warblers, timely wise,
Th' instructive moral tell!
Nor thou their meaning lays despise,
My charming Annabelle!

Jago.

Written after a Debauch.

I.

Again the sanguinary tide is cool,
And rolls in gentle motion thro' my veins:
Again my thought its free excursion takes,
And once more abdicated Reason reigns.

II.

Can the short joys resulting from the board,
Which rude Intemperance delights to spread,
Can these compensate for the ills to come,
The sick weak stomach and the aching head?

III.

What was the mirth of the preceding night? —

Perhaps amidst the fullness of my joys
I glory'd shameless in the jest obscene,
Or to the wanton sonnet rais'd my voice.

IV.

Perhaps I forg'd the libel on my friend,
An absent friend — (o misery to say!)
Yet what a contrast will not Bacchus form,
Or what is man, when Reason is away!

V.

Oh! Temperance, thou sun to Beauty's bud!
Parent of Health and foe of dark Disease!
'Thou cheapest physic to the sickly frame!
For all may buy thy manna, when they please.

VI.

Come, spotless maid, and teach me, how to think;
The brain will teem by thy prolific ray:
By thee supported, Memory grows strong,
Nor fears the horror of a slow decay.

VII.

Let us with pity view the human bark,
(Securely moor'd upon Contentment's shore)
Toss'd by the waves of a luxurious sea,
'Till down she sinks, alas! to rise no more.

Woty.

To Lady Fane on her Grotto at Basilden.

Glide smoothly on, thou silver Thames,
Where Fane has fix'd her calm retreat:
Go, pour thy tributary streams,
To lave imperial 'Thetis' feet.
There when in flow'ry pride you come
Amid the courtiers of the main,
And join within the massy dome
Old Tiber, Arno or the Seine,
When each ambitious stream shall boast
The glories of its flatter'd lords,
What pomp adorns the Gallic coast,
What Rome or 'Tuscany affords,
Then shalt thou speak, (and sure, thy tale
Must check each partial torrent's pride)
What scenes adorn this flow'ry vale,
Through which thy happier currents glide.
But when thy fond description tells
The beauties of this grott divine,
What miracles are wrought by shells,
Where nicest taste and fancy join,
Thy story shall the goddess move,
To join her empire of the main,
Her throne of pearls, her coral grove,
And live retir'd with thee and Fane.

To Mrs. Martha Blount on her Birth-
Day.

If added days of life bring nothing new,
But, like a sieve, let every pleasure through,
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some pensive notion more,
Is this a birth - day? ah! 'tis sadly clear,
'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year.
If there's no hope, with kind, tho' fainter ray
To gild the evening of our future day,
If every page of life's long volume tell
The same dull story — Mordaunt! *) thou did'st well.

Pope.

To Mrs. Martha Blount on her Birth-
Day.

Oh, be thou blest with all, that heav'n can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure and a friend,
Not with those toys, the female race admire,
Riches, that vex, and vanities, that tire;
Not, as the world its pretty slaves rewards,
A youth of frolics, an old - age of cards,

*) Colonel Mordaunt, who destroy'd himself.

Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
 Young without lovers, old without a friend,
 A sop to their passion, but their prize a sot,
 Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!
 Let joy or ease, let affluence or content
 And the gay conscience of a life well - spent,
 Calm ev'ry thought, inspire ev'ry grace,
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face:
 Let day improve on day, and year on year,
 Without a pain, a trouble or a fear,
 Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy
 In some soft dream or extasy of joy.
 Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
 And wake to raptures in a life to come.

Swift. *)

Written in Clarinda's Prayer - book.

In vain, Clarinda, night and day
 For pity to the Gods you pray;
 What arrogance, on heav'n to call
 For that, which you deny to all!

Granville Lord Lansdowne.

*) S. Vol. 1. of this Choice pag. 178.

On the Death of Mrs. - - -, a notable
scold and a shrew, in the stile of her
Husband.

We lived one and twenty year
As man and wife together :
I could no longer keep her here ;
She's gone, — I know not whither.

Could I but guess, I do protest,
And speak it not to flatter
The best of women in the world,
I never would come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave doth hide her,
And sure her soul is not in hell ; —
The Devil would not abide her.

I rather think, she's soar'd aloft ;
For in the last great thunder
Me thought, I heard her very voice,
Rending the clouds asunder.

Thompson.

S o n n e t.

Like as the Dove, which, feeled up, doth fly,
 And neither freed, nor yet to service bound,
 But hopes to gain some help by mounting high,
 Till want of force do force her fall to ground,
 Right so my mind, caught by his guiding eye,
 And thence cast of, where his sweet hurt he found,
 Hath neither leave to live, nor doom to die,
 Nor help in evil, nor suffer'd to be found:
 But with his wings of fancies up he goes
 To high conceits, whose fruits are oft but small,
 Till wounded, blind and wearied, spirit lose
 Both force to fly, and knowledge where to fall.
 O happy Dove, if she no bondage ty'd!
 More happy I, might I in bondage bide!

Sidney.

A L o v e - S o n g

in the modern Taste.

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
 I a slave in thy dominions:
 Nature must give way to art.

Mild

Mild Arcadians , ever blooming ,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks ,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
Mourn'd Adonis , darling youth :
Him the boar , in silence creeping ,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia , tune harmonious numbers ,
Fair discretion , string the lyre :
Sooth my ever - waking slumbers ,
Bright Apollo , lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto , king of terrors ,
Arm'd in adamantine chains ,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors ,
Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress , verdant willow ,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows ,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow ,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth meander

Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

Thus, when Philomela drooping
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to fate.

Swift

An Epistle to a Lady, who had resolv'd
against marriage.

Madam, I cannot but congratulate
Your resolution for a single state:
Ladies, who would live undisturb'd and free,
Must never put on Hymen's livery.
Perhaps its outside seems to promise fair,
But underneath is nothing else but care.
If once you let the Gordian knot be ty'd,
Which turns the name of virgin into bride,
That one fond act your life's best scene foregoes,
And leads you in a labyrinth of woes,
Whose strange meanders you may search about,

But never find the clue, to let you out.
The marry'd life affords you little ease;
The best of husbands is so hard to please.
This in wives careful faces you may spell,
Tho' they dissemble their misfortunes well.
No plagues so great as an ill - ruling head:
Yet 'tis a fate, which few young Ladies dread;
For love's insinuating fire by fan
With sweet ideas of a godlike man.
Chloris and Phillis glory'd in their swains,
And sung their praises on the neighb'ring plains.
Oh! they were brave, accomplish'd charmingmen,
Angels, till marry'd, but proud devils then.
Sure, some resistless pow'r with Cupid fides,
Or we should have more virgins, fewer brides;
For single lives afford the most content,
Secure and happy, as they're innocent,
Bright as Olympus, crown'd with endless ease,
And calm as Neptune on the halcyon seas.
Your sleep is broke with no domestic cares:
No bawling children, to disturb your pray'rs,
No parting sorrows, to extort your tears,
No blustering husband, to renew your fears!
Therefore, dear Madam, let a friend advise,
Love and its idle deity despise:

Suppress wild nature, if it dares rebel;
 There's no such thing as leading apes in hell.

Walsh.

To the ingenious and learned Doctor
Mathanafius on his most elaborate com-
 mentary on the excellent *master - piece*
of an unknown author.

Great Mathanase, in quest of this rich ore
 You' ve boldly lunched out, new worlds t'explore.
 You' ve found a fruitful soil, by none yet trod,
 Reserved for heros or some demi - god.
 'The product here you' ve bravely made your own,
 And by just title you deserve a crown.
 No undisputed monarch govern'd yet
 With universal sway the realms of wit.
 Nature could never such expence afford;
 Each several province had a several lord:
 But now become extravagantly kind,
 With all her treasures she adorns your mind.
 Her different powers are here united found,
 And you wit's universal monarch crown'd.
 Your mighty sway your great desert secures,
 And every Muse and every Grace is yours.

To none confin'd, by turns you all enjoy,
 Sated with this, you to another fly :
 So Sultan like in your seraglio stand,
 Whilst wishing Muses wait for your command.
 Thus no decay, no want of vigour find;
 Sublime your fancy, boundless is your mind :
 Not all the blasts of time can do you wrong ;
 In spite of age, in spite of weakness strong,
 Time like Alcides strikes you to the ground,
 You like Antæus from each fall rebound.

*St. John Lord Viscount Bolingbroke. *)*

D 3

*) His first attempts were in poetry, in which he discovers more wit, than taste, more labour, than harmony in his versification. We have a copy of his verses, prefixed to Dryden's Virgil, complimenting the poet, and praising his translation. We have another not so well known, prefixed to a french work, published in Holland by the Chevalier de St. Hyacinthe, intitled : *le Chef-d'oeuvre d'un Inconnu*. This performance is an humorous piece of criticism upon a miserable old ballad, and Bolingbroke's compliment, though written in English, is printed in Greek characters, so that at the first

Greatness and Virtue.

Dazled with the height of place,
 While our hopes our wits beguile,
 No man marks the narrow space
 Between a prison and a smile.
 Then since fortune's favours fade,
 You, that in her arms do sleep,
 Learn to swim and not to wade;
 For the hearts of kings are deep.
 But if greatness be so blind,
 As to trust in towers of air,
 Let it be with goodness join'd,
 That at least the fall be fair.
 Then though darkned you shall say,
 When friends fail, and princes frown,
 Virtue is the roughest way,
 But proves at last a bed of down.

*Sir Francis Bacon. *)*

glance it may deceive the eye, and be mistaken for real Greek. *S. Life of Henry Lord Bolingbroke, prefixed to his dissertation upon Parties. London 1771. 8.*

*) *S. the agreeable Variety in two Parts. London 1717. 8. pag. 132.*

C e l i a.

When first I fought fair Celia's love,
 And ev'ry charm was new,
 I swore by all the Gods above,
 To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
 Long wept and sigh'd in vain;
 She still protested, vow'd and swore,
 She ne'er would ease my pain.

At last o'ercome she made me blest,
 And yielded all her charms,
 And I forsook her, when possess'd,
 And fled to other's arms.

But let not this, dear Celia, now
 To rage thy breast incline;
 For why, since you forgot your vow,
 Should I remember mine?

*Soame Jennyns. *)*

D 4

*) Miscellaneous pieces. 8. London for Dodsley.
 2. vols. 1761. vol. I. pag. 130.

Two Songs. *)

I.

Prometheus, when first from heaven's high
 He brought down fire, till then on earth not seen,
 Fond of delight, a satyr standing by
 Gave it a kiss, as it like sweet had been.

Feeling forthwith the other burning power,
 Wood with the smart, with shouts and shrieking
 shrill,

He sought his ease in river, field and bower:
 But for the time his grief went with him still.

So silly I; with that unwonted sight
 In human shape an angel from above
 Feeding mine eyes, th' impression there did light,
 That since I run and rest, as pleaseth love.
 The difference is the satyr's lips, my heart:
 He for a while, I evermore have smart.

*) This and the following piece, *Mr. Wood* informs us, was wrote by *Sir Edward Dyer*, Chancellor of the most noble ordre of the Garter. See *Athen. Oxon. Vol. I. p. 14.*

II.

A fatyr once did run away for dread
 With found of horn, which he himself did blow;
 Fearing and fear'd, thus from himself he fled,
 Deeming strange evil, that he did not know.

Such causeless fears when coward minds do take,
 It makes them fly that, which they fain would have,
 As this poor beast, who did his rest forsake,
 Thinking not why, but how himself to save.

Ev'n thus might I for doubts, which I conceive
 Of mine own words, my own good hap betray,
 And thus might I for fear of may - be leave
 The sweet pursuit of my desired prey.
 Better like I thy fatyr, dearest Dyer,
 Who burns his lips, to kiss fair shining fire.

Dyer.

The Genealogy of Winter.

When Chaos with imperial might
 Rul'd the dreary realms of night,
 Boreas, from th'outrageous north

With his legions issuing forth,
In a desert bleak and bare
Met a damsel passing fair,
Fair as in those ages seem'd.
Her eyes like livid lightning gleam'd:
Her growling will was heard afar,
Dread as the din of distant war;
For then unknown the vermil dye,
'The rosy lip, the melting eye,
The graceful shape, th' expressive air,
That form the soul - subduing fair.
Her Auster nam'd, the north embrac'd
With lawless outrage: o'er the waste
Whirlwinds with impetuous wing
In triumph hail'd their new - born king;
For winter from the rape arose,
Ruler of frosts and feather'd snows.
He o'er the storms of Chaos reign'd,
And delegated rule maintain'd,
Till from before the sapphire throne
'The potent blaze of beauty shone,
And thro' the boundless void of night
Incessant pour'd creative light.
'Then heavenly harmony was heard,
And lo! the dædal earth appear'd.
Hyperion flam'd with ruddy gold:

Around him radiant planets roll'd,
 Winter his ample power resign'd,
 And with three smiling seasons join'd,
 Who sprung from beauty's plastic ray,
 Reluctant holds alternate sway.

Ryan.

The Reconcilement.

S o n g.

Come, let us now resolve at last,
 To live and love in quiet:
 We'll tie the knot so very fast,
 That time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove,
 Who free from quarrels live;
 'Tis the most tender part of love,
 Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
 No pleasure, nor no rest,
 And when I feign'd an angry look,
 Alas! I lov'd you best.

Own but the same to me, you'll find,

How blest will be our fate:

Oh, to be happy, to be kind,

Sure, never is too late.

Sheffield Duke of Buckingham.

To a child of five years old.

Fairest flow'r, all flow'rs excelling,

Which in Eden's garden grew,

Flow'rs of Eve's imbower'd dwelling

Are, my Fair - one, types of you.

Mark, my Polly, how the roses

Emulate thy damask cheek,

How the bud its sweets discloses,

Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.

Lilies are, by plain direction,

Emblems of a double kind,

Emblems of thy fair complexion,

Emblems of thy fairer mind.

But, dear girl, both flow'rs and beauty

Blossom, fade and die away;

Then pursue good sense and duty,
 Evergreens, that ne'er decay.

Cotton.

Ode on the death of *Matzel*, a favourite
 bull - finch, address'd to Mr. St - - pe,
 to whom the author had given the re-
 version of it, when he left Dresden.

I.

Try not, my Stanhope, 'tis in vain,
 To stop your tear, to hide your pain,
 Or check your honest age:
 Give sorrow and revenge their scope;
 My present joy, your future hope
 Lies murder'd in his cage.

II.

Matzel's no more. Ye graces, loves,
 Ye linnets, nightingales and doves,
 Attend th' untimely bier:
 Let every sorrow be express'd,
 Beat with your wings each mournful breast,
 And drop the nat'ral tear.

III.

In height of song, in beauty's pride
By fell Grimalkin's claws he died —

But vengeance shall have way;
On pains and tortures I'll refine:
Yet, Matzel, that one death of thine
His nine will ill repay.

IV.

For thee, my bird, the sacred Nine,
Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, shall join
In thy funereal verse:

My painful task shall be to write
Th' eternal dirge, which they indite,
And hang it on thy hearse.

V.

In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn
My bird, who, never to return,
Is fled to happier shades,
Where Lesbia shall for him prepare
The place most charming and most fair
Of all th' Elysian glades.

VI.

There shall thy notes in cypress grove
Sooth wretched ghosts, that died for love:
There shall thy plaintive strain
Lull impious Phaedra's endless grief,

To Procris yield some short relief,
And soften Dido's pain ;

VII.

'Till Proserpine by chance shall hear
'Thy notes , and make thee all her care ,
And love thee with my love ,
While each attendant soul shall praise
The matchless Matzel's tuneful lays ,
And all his song approve.

Sir Hanbury Williams.

To a Lady, who advised retirement.

You little know the heart, that you advise ;
I view this various scene with equal eyes :
In crowded courts I find myself alone ,
And pay my worship to a nobler throne ,
Long, since the value of this world I know ,
Pity the madness , and despise the show.
Well as I can my tedious part I bear ,
And wait for my dismissal without fear.
Seldom I mark mankind's detested ways ;
Not hearing censure , nor affecting praise ,
And unconcern'd , my future state I trust
'To that sole being, merciful and just.

M. W. Montague.

Advice to a Lover.

For many unsuccessful years

At Cynthia's feet I lay :

Battering them often with my tears ,

I sigh'd , but durst not pray.

No prostrate wretch before the shrine

Of some lov'd Saint above

Ere thought his goddess more divine ,

Or paid more awful love.

Still the disdainful nymph look'd down

With coy insulting pride ,

Receiv'd my passion with a frown ,

Or turn'd her head aside.

Then Cupid whisper'd in my ear :

Use more prevailing charms.

You modest whining fool , draw near ,

And clasp her in your arms.

With eager kisses tempt the maid ,

From Cynthia's feet depart ;

The lips the briskly must invade ,

That would possess the heart.

With

With that I shook of all the slave ,
 My better fortunes tried ,
 When Cynthia in a moment gave ,
 What she for years denied.

Yalden.

A Version of the first Psalm.

For the use of a young Lady.

The maid is blest , that will not hear
 Of masquerading tricks ,
 Nor lends to wanton songs an ear ,
 Nor sighs for coach and fix.

To please her , shall her husband strive
 With all his main and might ,
 And in her love shall exercise
 Himself both day and night.

She shall bring forth most pleasant fruit ,
 He flourish still , and stand :
 Even so all things shall prosper well ,
 That this maid takes in hand.

No wicked whores shall have such luck,
 Who follow their own wills,
 But purg'd shall be to skin and bone
 With mercury and pills.

For why, the pure and cleanly maids
 Shall all good husbands gain:
 But filthy and uncleanly jades
 Shall rot in Drury - Lane.

Pope.

Theodore and Honoria.

From Boccace.

Of all the cities in Romanian lands
 The chief and most renown'd Ravenna stands,
 Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts
 And rich inhabitants with generous hearts.
 But Theodore the brave, above the rest
 With gifts of Fortune and of Nature bless'd,
 The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
 And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.

This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame
 Of high degree: Honoria was her name.

Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
 And fiercer than became so soft a kind,
 Proud of her birth (for equal she had none)
 'The rest she scorn'd, but hated him alone.
 His gifts, his constant courtship nothing gain'd;
 For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd.
 He liv'd with all the pomp, he cou'd devise,
 At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize,
 But found no favour in his Lady's eyes.
 Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid
 'Turn'd all to poison, that he did or said;
 Nor pray'rs, nor tears, nor offer'd vows could move;
 The work went backward, and the more he strove,
 'T'advance his suit, the farther from her love.

Weary'd at length, and wanting remedy,
 He doubted oft, and oft resolve'd to die.
 But pride stood ready to prevent the blow;
 For who would die, to gratify a foe?
 His generous mind disdain'd so mean a fate;
 That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
 But vainer that relief, than all the rest;
 'The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd,
 Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.

Change was the next: but change deceiv'd his
 care;

He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.

He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve th' untam'd disease:
But present love requir'd a present ease.
Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
Feeds ling'ring death: but, looking not, he dies.
Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life and his estate.

His friends beheld and pity'd him in vain;
For what advice can ease a lover's pain?
Absence, the best expedient, they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.

Hard, you may think, it was, to give consent,
But, struggling with his own desires, he went,
With large expence and with a pompous train
Provided, as to visit France or Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him short:
Confin'd within the purlieus of his court,
Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country - seat.
'To Chaffis' pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to stay.

The spring was in the prime: the neighb'ring
grove

Supply'd with birds, the choristers of love,
 Music unbought, that minister'd delight
 To morning - walks, and lull'd his cares by night.
 There he discharg'd his friends, but not th' expence
 Of frequent treats and proud magnificence.
 He liv'd, as kings retire, though more at large
 From public business, yet with equal charge,
 With house and heart, still open to receive,
 As well content, as love would give him leave.
 He would have liv'd more free: but many a guest,
 Who could forsake the friend, pursu'd the feast.

It happ'd one morning, as his fancy led,
 Before his usual hour he left his bed,
 To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
 On ev'ry side furrounded by the wood:
 Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
 And sought the deepest solitude to find.
 'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd:
 The winds within the quiv'ring branches play'd,
 And dancing trees a mournful music made.
 The place itself was suiting to his care,
 Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
 He wander'd on, unknowing, where he went,
 Lost in the wood, and all on love intent.
 The day already half his race had run,
 And summon'd him to due repast at noon:

But love could feel no hunger but his own.

While list'ning to the murm'ring leaves he strode,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid, the whisp'ring sound
Was dumb, a rising earth - quake rock'd the ground,
With deeper brown the grove was overspread:
A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head,
And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled.
Nature was in alarm: some danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye.
Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
And stood collected in himself, and whole.
Not long; for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distress'd, who cry'd for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.

A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
With briers and brambles choak'd and dwarfish wood:
From thence the noise, which now approaching near,
With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear.
He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid
With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade,
Stripp'd of her cloaths, and e'en those parts reveal'd,
Which modest Nature keeps from sight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn
With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn.

Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursu'd,
 And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood embu'd.
 Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side:
 Mercy, o mercy, heav'n! she ran, and cry'd.
 When heav'n was nam'd, they loos'd their hold again:
 Then sprung she forth. They follow'd her amain.

Not far behind a knight of swarthy face
 High on a coal-black steed pursu'd the chace.
 With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
 And in his hand a naked sword he hold:
 He hear'd the dogs, to follow her, who fled,
 And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.

As Theodore was born of noble kind,
 The brutal action rous'd his manly mind:
 Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
 He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.
 A sapline pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
 The readiest weapon, that his fury found:
 Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
 Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.

The knight came thund'ring on, but from afar
 Thus in imperious tone forbad the war:
 Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
 Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief:
 But give me leave, to seize my destin'd prey,
 And let eternal justice take the way.

I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suff'ring death for this ungrateful maid.

He said, at once dismounting from the steed,
(For now the hell - hounds with superior speed
Had reach'd the dame, and, fast'ning on her side,
'The ground with issuing streams of purple dy'd)
Stood Theodore surpriz'd in deadly fright
With chatt'ring teeth and bristling hair upright,
Yet arm'd with inborn worth: whate'er, said he,
'Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee,
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defy'd.
'The spectre, fiercely staring, thus reply'd:

Know, 'Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common fire our fathers did beget:
My name and story some remember yet.
'Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid,
Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
'Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
What did I not, her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answer'd with disdain;
She scorn'd my sorrows and despis'd my pain.
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care:
Then loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair,
'To finish my unhappy life, I fell

On this sharp sword , and now am damn'd in hell.

Short was her joy ; for soon th' insulting maid
By heav'n's decree in the cold grave was laid ,
And , as in unrepenting sin she dy'd ,
Doo'md to the same bad place , is punish'd for her
pride ,

Because she deem'd , I well deserv'd to die ,
And made a merit of her cruelty.

There then we met , both try'd , and both were cast ,
And this irrevocable sentence bast ,

That she , whom I so long pursu'd in vain ,
Should suffer from my hands a ling'ring pain ,
Renew'd to life , that she might daily die ,
I daily doom'd to follow , she to fly.

No more a lover but a mortal foe ,
I seek her life (for love is gone below.)

As often , as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight , is she to death decreed.

Then with this fatal sword , on which I dy'd ,
I pierce her open back or tender side ,

And tear that harden'd heart from out her breast ,
Which , with her entrails , makes my hungry hounds
a feast.

Nor lies she long , but , as her fates ordain ,
Springs up to life , and fresh to second pain ,
Is fav'd to day , to morrow to be slain.

This, vers'd in death, th' infernal knight relates,
 And then for proof fulfill'd their common fates.
 Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
 And fed the hounds, that help'd him to pursue.
 Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
 Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
 And now the soul expiring through the wound,
 Had left the body breathless on the ground,
 When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
 Behold the fruit of ill - rewarded pain.
 As many months, as I sustain'd her hate,
 So many years is she condemn'd by fate
 'To daily death, and ev'ry several place,
 Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
 Must witness her just punishment, and be
 A scene of triumph and revenge to me.
 As in this grove I took my last farewell,
 As on this very spot of earth I fell,
 As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
 Becomes ev'n here on this revolving day.

Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the ground
 Upstart'd fresh, already clos'd the wound,
 And unconcern'd for all, she felt before,
 Precipitates her flight along the shore.
 The hell - hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and blood,
 Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food.

The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace,
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.

Long stood the noble youth, oppress'd with awe,
And stupid at the wond'rous things, he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing nature's law,
He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake:
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first: If vision, to what end,
But such, as must his future state portend?
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend.
But yet reflecting, that it could not be
From heav'n, which cannot impious acts decree,
Resolv'd within himself, to shun the snare,
Which hell for his destruction did prepare,
And, as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.

Inspir'd from heav'n, he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new design with long delay,
But of his train a trusty servant sent,
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated, thus he said:
What you have often counsell'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love,
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Tho' late, yet is at last become my care.

My heart shall be my own : my vast expence
Reduc'd to bounds by timely providence ,
'This only I require : invite for me
Honorä with her father's family ,
Her friends and mine. The cause I shall display
On Friday next , for that's th' appointed day.

Well pleas'd were all his friends ; the task was
light :

The father , mother , daughter they invite.
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast ,
But yet resolv'd , because it was the last.
The day was come : the guests invited came ,
And with the rest th' inexorable dame.
A feast prepar'd with riotous expence ,
Much cost , more care and most magnificence.
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove ,
Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love ,
The tables in a proud pavilion spread
With flow'rs below and tiffue overhead :
The rest in rank. Honorä chief in place ,
Was artfully contriv'd to set her face ,
To front the thicket , and behold the chace.
The feast was serv'd , the time so well forecast ,
That just , when the desert and fruits were plac'd ,
The fien'ds alarm began , the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves , the forest shook around ,

Air blacken'd, rowl'd the thunder, groan'd the ground.
 Nor long before the loud laments arise
 Of one distress'd and mastiffs mingled cries,
 And first the dame came rushing through the wood,
 And next the famish'd hounds, that fought their food,
 And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws in
 blood.

Last came the felon on the fable steed,
 Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs to
 speed.

She ran, and cry'd: her flight directly bent
 (A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent,
 The scene of death, and place ordain'd for punishment.
 Loud was the noise, aghast was ev'ry guest,
 The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast,
 The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd,
 The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid,
 She rent the heav'n with loud laments imploring aid.

The gallants, to protect the ladies right,
 Their faulchions brandish'd at the grisly sight:
 High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight.
 Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
 And wither'd all their strength, before he struck.
 Back on your lives! let be, said he, my prey,
 And let my vengeance take the destin'd way.
 Vain are your arms and vainer your defence

Against th' eternal doom of providence ;
Mine is th' ungrateful maid by heav'n design'd :
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.
At this the former tale again he told
With thund'ring tone, and dreadful to behold.
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
But bore each other back. Some knew the face,
And all had heard the much lamented case
Of him, who fell for love, and this the fatal place.

And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury lanc'd
Her back, and piercing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward, as before, th' offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meager mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants, on each other star'd
With gaping mouths, for issuing words prepar'd.
The still - born sounds upon the palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the faltering tongue.
The fright was general, but the female band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand :
With horror shudd'ring, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done ;
For conscience rung th' alarm, and made the case
their own.

So spread upon a lake, with upward eye
 A plump of fowl behold their foe on high :
 'They close their trembling troop, and all attend,
 On whom the fowling eagle will descend.

But most the proud Honoria fear'd th' event,
 And thought to her alone the vision sent.
 Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
 Heav'ns justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
 And the same fate to the same sin assign'd.
 Already sees herself the monster's prey,
 And feels her heart and entrails torn away :
 'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear.
 Still on the table lay th' unfinish'd cheer,
 The knight, and hungry mastiffs stood around,
 The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground,
 When on a sudden reinspir'd with breath,
 Again she rose, again to suffer death.
 Nor stay'd the hell - hounds, nor the hunter stay'd,
 But follow'd, as before, the flying maid :
 Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging sword,
 And mounting light as air, his sable steed he spurr'd;
 The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
 And nature stood recover'd of her fright.

But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
 And horror heavy sat on ev'ry mind.
 Nor Theodore encourag'd more his feast,

ited.

for his prey.

Awak'd

Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again.
 The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
 And the same dreams return'd with double pain.
 Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
 Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
 She sprung from bed distracted in her mind,
 And fear'd at ev'ry step a twitching spright behind.
 Darkling and desp'rate with a stagg'ring pace,
 Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace,
 Fear, pride, remorse at once her heart assail'd:
 Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd.
 Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
 Her soul forethought, the fiend woud change his game,
 And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
 And two ghosts join their packs, to hunt her o'er
 the plain.

This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
 That desp'rate, any succour else to find,
 She ceas'd all further hope, and now began
 To make reflection on th' unhappy man.
 Rich, brave and young, who past expression lov'd,
 Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd,
 Of all the men respected and admir'd,
 Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd.
 Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest,
 By him with knightly deeds, and open love profess'd,

So had another been, where he his vows address'd.
This quell'd her pride: yet other doubts remain'd,
'That once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd;
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd.
He took a low'ring leave: but who can tell,
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her sexes arts she knew, and why not then
Might deep dissembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn: resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy.
Death was behind, but hard it was to die;
'Twas time enough, at last on death to call.
The precipice in sight, a shrub was all,
That kindly stood betwixt, to break the fatal fall.
One maid she had, belov'd above the rest:
Secure of her, the secret she confess'd,
And now the chearful light her fears dispell'd.
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd,
With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe.
'The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd;
'Twas what he wish'd and hop'd, but scarce believ'd.
Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present:
He knew the sex, and fear'd, she might repent,

Should he delay the moment of consent.
 There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care,
 The modesty of maidens well might spare.)
 But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd,
 (As women, where they will, are all in haste)
 That father, mother and the kin beside
 Were overborne by fury of the tide.
 With full consent of all she chang'd her fate,
 Resistless in her love as in her hate.

By her example warn'd, the rest beware:
 More easy, less imperious were the fair,
 And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
 For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

Dryden.

On an old Rake.

Hoary Apicius, like Sicilia's mount, *)
 Tho' winter veils his venerable front,
 Tho' his grave head is cover'd o'er with snow,
 Yet labours with incessant fires below.

F 2

*) Ætna.

On the Emperor, having converted a
convent into barracks 1784.

In these so wretched cells, where gloomy care,
Corroding jealousy and black despair,
Where haughty tyranny, malicious spleen
And cruel persecution once were seen,
Where bigot fear and hypocritick art
Destroy'd the judgement, and debased the heart,
Now cheerfull mirth and friendship's social tie
Invigorate the heart, illume the eye,
With active order noble freedom dwells,
And every breast with gen'rous feeling swells.
The bosom knows no fear, no art the mind,
And just commands obedience cheerfull find.
Where once the Prior with suspicious pace
Stole round his Monks, concerting plots to trace,
The active colonel with paternal air
Each soldiers mansion views with tender care.
No more the passing Priest to altars bows,
Offending heaven with his deceitfull vows:
But pray'rs sincere the hardy veterans raise,
Adore their maker, while his works they praise.
The tedious breviaries no more resound:
But lively jests and sparkling bowls go round.
No more the solitary Monk his walk

In silence takes, or in seditious talk.
 In friendly confidence the soldiers move,
 And, if they fight, 'tis pity, or 'tis love.
 The crimes are fled, the virtues take their place,
 Religion's laws without its arts now trace
 The honest duties of a martial race.

Mrs. Knight.

N o a h' s F l o o d.

When jolly Bacchus first began,
 To ripen life, and finish man,
 His generous priest, Silenus gay,
 With vinal rites proclaim'd the day,
 The day, on which the god did give
 Men pow'r to drink and think and live;
 For all our grand - fires untill then
 Were dull unthinking useless men.

Both arts and arms appear'd to grace,
 And to improve the long - liv'd race,
 Which Jove could no way introduce
 So apt, as by the generous suice.

The priest, resolv'd to make them merry,
 Order'd a mash - fat full of sherry,
 Where ev'ry one might come and lap,

Or, if he had one, dip his cap;
For in those early times, alas!
They did not know the use of glass,
Nor stint themselves to little sups,
As we do now, with pots and cups;
But ev'ry one enjoy'd his will,
And drank, 'till he had drank his fill,
But what was that, to treat so many?
'Twas like a guinea to a penny,
Or like an ostrich to a bee,
Or like to pilling in the sea;
For far beyond his expectation
He'd such a num'rous congregation,
As plainly shew'd, his utensil
Their hollow teeth would hardly fill.

Among the chief of mortal wights,
That heard, and came to see these rites,
Noah was one, whom thirst of fame,
And thirst of drink, which was the same,
Had hither brought with all his house,
Both great and small, e'en to a louse,
To taste the juice of that gay berry,
Which makes both gods and mortals merry,
Who, seeing th' inconvenient vase
Appear with such a scanty grace,
Conceiv'd at once a great displeasure

Against the pipping pantry measure,
 And getting license of th' inviter,
 Dispatch'd his sons to fetch a lighter,
 (Which lately his capacious soul
 Had form'd, to make a gossip's bowl)
 That ev'ry one might have enough
 Of that delicious new - found stuff,
 Which was by gods call'd Nectar then,
 And *Heav'nly Liquor* now by men.
 But neither they, nor their compeers
 Could launch the lighter of the piers,
 'Till Jove look'd down from heaven, and saw
 The bulky thing, they could not draw,
 And wishing well to their design,
 Sent Merc'ry post, with them to join,
 And move it thence with means divine,
 Which, when Silenus, had made full,
 The jovial blades began to pull,
 And, liking well the pleasing taste,
 To leave their liquor made no haste,
 But stoutly drank without a stop,
 'Till they'd exhausted ev'ry drop.

Not half suffic'd with such a portion,
 They all fell down with warm devotion,
 And urg'd Silenus, to implore
 The vinal god, to give them more.

But sensual pleasures often bring
For short - liv'd joys a lasting sting.
So their voluptuous thirst of wine
Prevented *art's* and *arm's* design,
To polish man, and sense refine;
For Bacchus quickly, to replenish,
Let fall from heav'n a spout of Rhenish,
Which he continu'd pouring still,
'Till ev'ry one had got his fill,
And could not any longer swill,
But tumbling lay like o'er - gorg'd swine,
And upwards brought th' unchanged wine,
'Till they had delug'd all the vale
With streams, that flow'd from head and tail,
And made the new invented boat
Desert the earth, and move afloat,
Appearing now a living fish,
Which was before a lifeless dish.

Noah, who had the strongest head,
Observ'd the progress, that it made,
And finding, it had left the ground,
And rode secure, tho' flooded 'round,
Suppos'd, it was become divine,
Or animated with the wine,
And wisely thinking, tho' he flood
Upon a rock above the flood,

The inundation might encrease
 Above him, if it did not cease,
Extemp're sprung into the trough,
 Which, by good luck, was not far off,
 And calling to his filial trine
 Shem, Ham and Japhet, full of wine,
 Who with their wives did side - ways reel,
 To help their mother, on the wheel,
 (Who having drank above her share,
 Was wand'ring thence, she knew not where.)
 His summons was with speed obey'd:
 They all embark'd, and quickly weigh'd,
 And down the stream an *Exit* made,
 Leaving the swelling lake behind,
 To drown the rest of human kind.

Rochester.

Epilogue to Henry II.

by Mr. Mountfort. 1693. Spoken by Mrs.
 Bracegirdle.

Thus you the saddest catastrophe have seen,
 Occasion'd by a mistress and a queen.
 Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they say:

But English manufacture got the day.
Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver;
Fair Rosamond was but her *nom de guerre*.
Now tell me, gallants, wou'd you lead your life
With such a mistress, or with such a wife?
If one must be your choice, which d'ye approve,
'The curtain lecture, or the curtain love?
Wou'd ye be godly with perpetual strife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife,
Or take your pleasure in a wicked way,
Like honest whoring Harry in the play?
I guess your minds: the mistress wou'd be taken,
And nauseous matrimony sent a packing.
'The devil is in you all; mankind's a rogue:
You love the bride, but you detest the clog.
After a year poor spouse is left i' th' lurch,
And you, like Haynes, return to mother - church:
Or, if the name of church comes cross your mind,
Chapels of ease behind our scenes you find.
The play - house is a kind of market - place;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face;
Nay, some of you (I dare not say, how many)
Wou'd buy of me a pen'worth for your penny.
E'en this poor face (which with my fan I hide)
Wou'd make a shift, my portion to provide
With some small perquisites, I have beside.

Though for your love, perhaps, I shou'd not care,
 I cou'd not hate a man, that bids me fair.
 What might ensue, 'tis hard for me to tell;
 But I was drench'd to - day for loving well,
 And fear the poison, that wou'd make me swell.

Dryden.

O d e t o H e a l t h.

Daughter of Exercise! at whose command
 Mirth spreads a smile upon the cheek of care,
 At whose rekindling breath
 Sicknefs loakes up, and lives,
 Say! where (for much thy haunts I long to woo)
 Shall I thy joy - infusing presence hail?
 Amidst what sylvan scenes,
 Or unfrequented plains?
 Say! when the roseate finger of the morn
 Points out the glories of her short - liv'd reign,
 Shall I thy steps pursue,
 Climbing the mountain's side,
 From whose tall brow, in eminence superb,
 Fair Nature views her fruitful vales below,
 While Phoebus darts around
 His oriental eye?

Or shall I trace thy vestige o'er the heath,
Where in derision of the Florists aid

Shoots up, untaught by art,

The voluntary flow'r?

For well 'tis known, that oft upon the heath
In contemplation devious art thou seen.

Or panting up the steep

Of un - imprinted hill,

Or, when cool evening in her floating vest
Sweeps o'er the lawns, diffusing shadowy pomp,

And bids the sun recline

On Amphitrite's breast,

I will attend thee to the solemn grove,
Where love stands registred on ev'ry tree,

Where the rook rocks his young,

And Echo learns to caw.

Or standing on the margent of the stream,

I will survey thee on the passive wave,

Then press the liquid bed,

To meet thy Najad kifs.

O tell me, Nymph, thy chosen residence,

Be it on mountain top, or forest wild,

And I will consecrate

A temple to thee there.

Woty.

C l o e.

Bright as the day, and as the morning fair,
Such Cloe is — and common as the air.

Granville Lord Lansdowne.

T o A u r e l i a.

Why wears Aurelia looks unkind?

Shall frowns deform a face

So fair, and cruelty a mind,

Adorn'd with every grace?

The drooping languid lily, see,

Laments its whiteness lost,

It's summer gone, no more to be

The garden's proudest boast.

What, though a little longer sun

Aurelia's summer warms,

The course of that will soon be run,

And winter nip her charms.

Let then the lily's lesson move,

To nature's voice attend,

Let blushes sweet compliance prove,
And Damon's sighs have end.

J. B.

S o n g.

Tho' Celia's born to be ador'd,
And Strephon to adore her born,
Invain her pity is implor'd,
Who kills him twice with charms and scorn:

Fair Saint, to your blest orb repair,
To learn in heav'n a heav'nly mind:
Thence hearken to a sinner's pray'r,
And be less beauteous, or more kind.

Walsh.

Hamlet's Soliloquy imitated.

To print, or not to print — that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
Or send a well - wrote copy to the press,
And by disclosing end them? To print, to doubt —

No more, and by one act to say, we end
 The head - ach and a thousand natural shocks
 Of scribbling frenzy — 'tis a consumation,
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To print, to beam
 From the same shelf, with Pope, in calf well bound,
 To sleep, perchance with Quares — Ay, there's the
 rub —

For to what class a writer may be doom'd,
 When he hath shuffled of some paltry stuff,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect, that makes
 'Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years;
 For who would bear th' impatient thirst of fame,
 The pride of conscious merit, and 'bove all
 The tedious importunity of friends,
 When as himself might his quietus make
 With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardles bear,
 To groan and sweat under a load of wit?
 But that the thread of steep Parnassus' hill,
 That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
 Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
 Than run the hazard to be known, and damn'd.
 Thus critics do make cowards of us all,
 And thus the healthful face of many a poem
 Is sickly'd o'er with a pale manuscript,
 And enterprizes of great fire and spirit

With this regard from *Dodsley* turn away,
And lose the name of authors.

Jago.

S o n g.

This while we are abroad,
Shall we not touch our lyre?
Shall we not ring an ode?
Shall that holy fire
In us, that strongly glow'd,
In this cold air expire?

Though in the utmost peak,
A while we do remain,
Amongst the mountains bleak,
Expos'd to sleet and rain,
No sport our hours shall break,
To exercise our vein.

Who though bright *Phoebus'* beams
Refresh the southern ground,
And though the princely *Thames*
With beauteous nymphs abound,

And

And by old Camber's streams

Be many wonders found ;

Yet many rivers clear

Here glide in silver swathes ,

And what of all most dear ,

Buxton's delicious baths ,

Strong ale and noble chear ,

T'assuage breem winter's scathes. ;

In places far or near ,

Or famous or obscure ,

Where wholesome is the air ,

Or where the most impure ,

All times and every where

'The muse is still in ure.

Drayton.

Epitaph on Mr. Molesworth,

who erected a monument , and placed an
inscription upon it in honour of his dog.

Under this stone both dog and master lie :

Neither deserv'd to live , or thought to die.

Retzer's Choice, Vol. IV.

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

Do not disturb the happy sleeping pair,
Who once in love, now join'd in burial are.
But there's the curse, which Molesworth little
thought, —
He'll one day rise again, the other not.

A S o n g.

I am a young virgin , that oft has been told ,
I should try to get marry'd , before I'm too old ;
I took their advice , and got one in my eye ,
Who , if I can't have , I'm afraid , I shall die .

Young Thyrns is witty, well featur'd and tall,
His fellow fwains own, that he out - does them all;
When first I beheld him, I cannot tell why,
I thought, I was going that moment to die.

If through the recesses of yon silent grove
Or over the meadows I happen to rove,
And see my dear shepherd at distance pass by,
I tremble all o'er, and am ready to die.

When he plays on his pipe to the lambkins around,
I fly to the place, where I hear the blest's'd sound:

Oh Thyrsis, sweet youth, to myself I then cry,
I'd listen to you, were I going to die.

Last saturday eve, I remember the day,
I caught him saluting Clarinda, the gay:
'That I envy'd each kiss, I will not deny,
And fervently pray'd, that my rival might die.

Come, Hymen, and lend a young virgin your aid,
Who, without your assistance, must die an old maid!
To all my fond wishes make Thyrsis comply,
And, if I don't have him, I wish, I may die.

A Soliloquy on the death of several friends in a few weeks.

W eigh well, my soul! while yet there's time,
The transient fate of earthly things:
On Jacob's sacred ladder climb
To Jacob's God, the king of kings.

Farewell, ye vain; I hate your ways:
Ye grov'ling sons of pride, adieu!
Poor av'rice! how thy hope decays!
Thy steps I tremble to pursue.

To Sion's hill I lift my eye,
To Sion's hill direct my feet,
From all things learn to live and die,
From all the vile and vain retreat.

Among the dead fond mem'ry weeps
O'er graves of lov'd associates gone:
The scythe of death, how near it sweeps!
'Twill be my turn to fall anon.

See, where an old acquaintance lies!
Another! and another there!
This once on earth was counted wise,
Facetious this, and this sincere:

This was good - natur'd to a fault,
And this was charitably giv'n:
Alike they moulder in the vault,
Ah! that alike they rose to heav'n!

She, that lies here, was fair and young,
The fond delight of ev'ry eye.
Heav'n claim'd its own: away she sprung,
Transplanted now to yonder sky.

There still she blooms a heav'nly flow'r,
Again those lovely beauties blow :
Her virtues scent th' eternal bow'r,
Untainted by the gales below.

Teach me, o thou, that teacher art
Of ev'ry duty here below !
The number of my days impart !
Be thou my guide, where'er I go,

I ask no gold, nor lenght of days ;
I meet thy will, thy will be done :
I know, that time itself decays,
And gold but sparkles in the sun,

When chasten'd, let me kiss the rod ;
I wish no transient joy to claim :
Be thou my portion, o my God !
Thro' heav'n's eternal year the same.

Stevenson

The humble petition of a beautiful young
Lady to the Rev. Dr. Berkley, Dean of
Londonderry, *) which he quits to go,
and settle a college at Bermudas.

Dear Doctor, here comes a young virgin untainted
To your shrine at Bermudas, to be married and sainted.
I am young, I am soft, I am blooming and tender,
And of all, that I have, I make you a surrender.
My innocence, led by the voice of your fame,
To your person and virtue must put in its claim,
And now I behold you, I truly believe,
That you 're as like Adam, as I am like Eve:
But then (as in you a new race has begun)
Are teaching to fly from the shade to the sun,
Before the dire serpent their virtue betray'd,
And taught them to fly from the sun to the shade,
For you, in great goodness, your friends are per-
suading,
To go, and to live, and be wise in your Eden.
Oh, let me go with you! oh, pity my youth!
Oh, take me from hence, let me not lose my truth!
Sure, you, that have virtue so much in your mind,
Can't think to leave me, who am virtue, behind.

*) He was afterwards Bishop of Cloyne.

If you make me your wife, Sir, in time you may
fill a

Whole town with your children, and likewise your
villa :

I famous for breeding, you famous for knowledge,
I'll found a whole nation, you'll found a whole
college,

And when many long ages in joys we have spent,
Our souls we'll resign with the utmost content,
And gently we'll sink between cypress and yew,
You lying by me, and I lying by you.

The Memory, a Song.

O Memory, thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;
'Thou, like the world, th' oppress' oppress'ing,
'Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe,
And he, who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

Goldsmith.

G 4

Panacea , or the grand Restorative.

Welcome to Baiae's streams, ye sons of spleen,
 Who rove from spa to spa — to shift the scene.
 While round the streaming fount you idly throng,
 Come, learn a wholesome secret from my song.

Ye fair, whose roses feel th' approaching frost,
 And drops supply the place of spirits lost,
 Ye 'squires, who rack'd with gout, at heav'n repine,
 Condemn'd to water for excess in vine,
 Ye portly cits, so corpulent and full,
 Who eat and drink, 'till appetite grows dull,
 For whets and bitters then unstring the purse,
 Whilst nature more oppress'd grows worse and worse.
 Dupes to the craft of pill - prescribing leaches,
 You nod or laugh at what the parson preaches:
 Hear then a rhyming quack, who spurns your wealth,
 And gratis gives a sure receipt for health.
 No more thus vainly roam o'er sea and land,
 When lo! a sovereign remedy at hand:
 'Tis temperance — stale cant! — 'tis fasting then,
 Heav'n's antidote against the sins of men.
 Foul luxury's the cause of all your pain:
 To scour th' obstructed glands, abstain! abstain!
 Fast and take rest, ye candidates for sleep,
 Who from high food tormenting vigils keep.

Fast and be fat — thou starveling in a gown :
 Ye bloated, fast — 'twill surely bring you down.
 Ye nymphs, that pine o'er chocolate and rolls,
 Hence take fresh bloom, fresh vigour to your souls.
 Fast and fear not — you'll need no drop, nor pill :
 Hunger may starve, excess is sure to kill.

Graves.

The true Lover.

I lov'd thee beautiful and kind,
 And plighted an eternal vow :
 So alter'd are thy face and mind,
 'Twere perjury, to love thee now.

Nugent.

To Chloc. A Song.

Why am I doom'd to follow you ?
 Or why must I your shade pursue,
 Since you, relentless cruel fair,
 Contrive to heighten my despair ?

Impartial Jove, reverse my fate,
 Or blast the bloom of this ingrate,
 Whose sicken, false and flinty heart
 Delights to act a tyrant's part!

For why should such a form contain
 A Syren, that delights to pain,
 Whose ev'ry view and ev'ry art
 Is but to break a constant heart?

Rochester.

The Scavengers, a Town - Eclogue.

In the manner of Swift.

Awake, my Muse, prepare a loftier theme!
 The winding valley and the dimpled stream
 Delight not all; quit, quit the verdant field,
 And try, what dusty streets and alleys yield!

Where *Avon* wider flows, and gathers fame,
 A town there stands, and *Warwick* is its name,
 For useful arts, entitled once to share
 The *Mercian* dame, *Elfleda's* guardian care,
 Nor less for feats of chivalry renown'd,
 When her own *Gay* was with her laurels crown'd.
 Now indolence subjects the drowsy place,

And binds in silken bonds her feeble race.
 No busy artisans their fellows greet,
 No loaded carriages obstruct the street.
 Scarce here and there a sauntering band is seen,
 And pavements dread the turf's inroaching green.

Last of the toiling race there liv'd a pair,
 Bred up in labour, and inus'd to care,
 To sweep the streets their task from sun to sun,
 And seek the nastiness, that others shun.
 More plodding hind or dame you ne'er shall see:
 He gaffer *Pestel* hight, and gammer she.
 As at their door they fate one summer's day,
 Old *Pestel* first essay'd the plaintive lay:
 His gentle mate the plaintive lay return'd,
 And thus alternately their grief they mourn'd.
 O. P. Alas, was ever such fine weather seen!
 How dusty are the roads, the streets how clean!
 How long, ye almanaks, will it be dry,
 Empty my cart how long, and idle I?
 Once other days and different fate we knew:
 That something had to carry, I to do.
 Now e'en at best the times are none so good,
 But 'tis hard work to scrape a livelyhood.
 'The cattle in the stalls resign their life,
 And baulk the shambles, and the bloody knife.
 Th' affrighted farmer pensive sits at home,

And turnpikes threaten to compleat my doom.

WIFE. Well, for the turnpike, that will do no hurt,
The roads, they say, are n'e much the better for't.
But much I fear this murrain, where 'twill end;
For sure, the cattle did our door befriend.

Oft have I prais'd them; as they stalk'd along,
Their fat the butchers pleas'd, but me their dung.
O. P. See, what a little dab of dirt is here!

But yields all Warwick more? O tell me, where?
Lo, where this ant - like hillock scarce is seen,
Heaps upon heaps and loads on loads have been:
Bgger and bigger the proud dunghill grew,
'Till my diminish'd house was hid from view.

WIFE. Ah, gaffer Pestel, what brave days were those,
When higher, than our house, our muck - hill rose!
The growing mount I view'd with joyful eyes,
And mark'd, what each load added to its size.
Wrapt in its fragrant steam we often sate,
And to its praises held delightful chat.

Nor did I ne'er neglect my mite to pay,
'To swell the goodly heap from day to day.
For this each morn I plied the flabbed - brown,
'Till I scarce hobbled o'er my furrow'd room.
For this I squat me on my hams each night,
And mingle profit sweet with sweet delight.
A cabbage once I bought, but small the cost,

Nor do I think, the farthing all was lost.

Again you sold its well digested store,

To dung the garden, where it grew before.

O. P. What, tho' the boys and boy - like fellows
jeer'd,

And at the scavenger's employment sneer'd,

Yet then at night content I told my gains ,

And thought well paid their malice and my pains.

Why toils the merchant, but to swell his store?

Why craves the wealthy landlord still for more?

Why will our gentry flatter, trade and lie,

Why pack the cards, and - what d'ye call't the die?

All, all the pleasing paths of gain pursue,

And wade thro thick and thin, as we folk do.

Sweet is the scent, that from advantage springs,

And nothing dirty, that good interest brings.

'Tis this, that cures the scandal and the smell:

The rest — e'en let our learned betters tell.

WIFE. When goody *Dobbins* call'd me filthy bear,

And nam'd the kennel and the ducking chair,

With patience I cou'd hear the scolding quean,

For sure, 'twas dirtiness, that kept me clean.

Clean was my gown on sundays, tho' not fine,

Nor Mistress ***s cap so white as mine.

A slut in filk or kersey is the same,

Nor sweetest always is the finest dame.

Thus wail'd they pleasure past and present cares,
 While the starv'd hog join'd his complaint to theirs.
 To still his grunting, different ways the tend,
 To West - gate one, and one to Cotton - end.

Jago.

S o n g.

Stella and Flavia every hour
 Do various hearts surprise;
 In Stella's soul lies all her power,
 And Flavia's in her eyes.

More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
 And Stellas more confin'd;
 All can discern a face, that's fair,
 But few a lovely mind.

Stella like Britain's monarchs reigns
 O'er cultivated lands:
 Like eastern tyrants Flavia deigns,
 To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast not, Flavia, thy fair face,
 Thy beauty's only store;

Thy charms will every day decrease:

Each day gives Stella more.

Dr. D — —.

Mr. Gay's Epitaph.

Well then! poor Gay lies under ground,

So there's an end of honest Jack:

So little justice here he found,

'Tis ten to one, he'll ne'er come back.

Pope.

A S o n g.

Since every charm on earth's combined

In Cloe's face, in Cloe's mind,

Why was I born, ye gods, to see,

What robs me of my liberty?

Until that fatal hapless day

My heart was airy, blith and gay,

Could sport with every nymph but she,

Who robs me of my liberty.

I'll to the darksome silent grove,
 Reflecting on the pains of love,
 And envy every clown, I see
 Enjoy the sweets of liberty.

Then think, dear Cloc, ere too late,
 That death must be my hapless fate,
 If love and you do not agree,
 To set me at my liberty.

We 'll follow Hymen's happy train,
 And every idle care disdain,
 And live in sweet tranquillity,
 Nor wish for greater liberty.

Thompson.

On the Lottery.

Where sacred conscience held her awful court,
 Now blinded fortune makes mankind her sport.
 By turns she changes the deceptive scene:
 Now smiles adorn, now frowns deform her mien.
 Now hills of gold she sets in open light,
 Now clouds appear, and mock the cheated sight.
 The sons of merit with her clouds she rules,

And

And bids her spreading sun - beams shine on fools :
But vain is all her ever - studious care ,

'To lift up fools , that were unknown before ;
Their exaltation makes the public stare ,
And all their follies magnify the more.

Woty.

The Character of a good Parson ,
imitated from Chaucer , and enlarged.

A Parish - priest was of the pilgrim - train ,
An awful , reverend and religious man :
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace ,
And charity itself was in his face :
Rich was his soul , though his attire was poor ,
(As God had cloth'd his own embassador)
For such on earth his blest'd Redeemer bore.
Of sixty years he seem'd , and well might last
'To sixty more , but that he liv'd too fast ,
Refin'd himself to soul , to curb the sense ,
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet had his aspect nothing of severe ,
But such a face , as promis'd him sincere :
Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see ,
But sweet regards and pleasing sanctity :

Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd :
'Tho' harsh the precept, yet the preacher charm'd ;
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky,
And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears,
(A music more melodious than the spheres.)
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre, and after him he sung the best.
He bore his great commission in his look :
But sweetly temper'd awe, and soften'd all, he spoke.
He preach'd the joys of heav'n and pains of hell,
And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal,
But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law,
And forc'd himself to drive, but lov'd to draw ;
For fear but freezes minds : but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native feat.

To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrap'd in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd :
But when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumb'rous cloak away.

Lightnings and thunder (heav'n's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly.
Those but proclaim his stile, and disappear :
'The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.

The tythes, his parish freely paid, he took,
 But never, su'd, or curs'd with bell and book,
 With patience bearing wrong, but off'ring none,
 Since every man is free to lose his own.
 'The country - churls, according to their kind,
 (Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind)
 'The less he sought his off'rings, pinch'd the more,
 And prais'd a priest, contented to be poor.

Yet of his little he had some to spare,
 'To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare;
 For mortify'd he was to that degree,
 A poorer than himself he wou'd not see.
 'True priests, he said, and preachers of the word
 Were only stewards of their sovereign Lord:
 Nothing was theirs, but all the public store,
 Intrusted riches to relieve the poor,
 Who, shou'd they steal for want of his relief,
 He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief.

Wide was his parish, not contracted close
 In streets, but here and there a straggling house.
 Yet still he was at hand without request,
 To serve the sick, to succour the distress'd,
 Tempting on foot alone without affright
 The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.

All this the good old man perform'd alone,
 Nor spar'd his pains; for curate he had none:

Nor durst he trust another with his care,
Nor rode himself to Paul's the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold,
But duly watch'd his flock by night and day,
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey,
And hungry sent the wily fox away.

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he chear'd,
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
(A living sermon of the truths, he taught.)
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd,
That all might see the doctrine, which they heard;
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest,
The gold of heav'n, who bear the God impress'd:
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The Sovereign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul, on whom the people trust,
Well may the bases brass contract a rust.

The prelate for his holy life he priz'd,
The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd.
His Saviour came not with a gawdy show,
Nor was his kingdom of the world below:
Patience in want and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.

The crown, he wore, was of the pointed thorn;
In purple he was crucify'd, not born.

They, who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebadee.

Not but he knew, the signs of earthly pow'r
Might well become St. Peter's successor;
The holy father holds a double reign;
'The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher must be
plain.

Such was the Saint, who shone with every grace,
Reflecting, Moses - like, his Maker's face.
God saw, his image lively was express'd,
And his own work as in creation blest'd.

The tempter saw him too with envious eye,
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time, when Richard was depos'd,
And high and low with happy Harry clos'd.
'This prince, tho' great in arms, the priest withstood;
Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.
Had Richard unconstrain'd resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more, than is his own:
The title stood entail'd, had Richard had a son.

Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside;
Where all submitted, none the battle try'd.
The senseless plea of right by providence
Was by a flatter'ing priest invented since,

And lasts no longer than the present fway,
But justifies the next, who comes in play.

The people's right remains: let those, who dare,
Dispute their pow'r, when they the judges are.

He join'd not in their choice, because he knew,
Worse might and often did from change ensue.
Much to himself he thought, but little spoke,
And, undpriv'd, his benefice forsook.

Now through the land his care of souls he
stretch'd,

And like a primitive Apostle preach'd,
Still chearful, ever constant to his call,
By many follow'd, lov'd by most, admir'd by all,
With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd,
And gave the charities, himself receiv'd,
Gave, while he taught, and edify'd the more,
Because he shew'd by proof, 'twas easy to be poor.

He went not with the crowd to see a shrine,
But fed us by the way with food divine.

In deference to his virtues I forbear
'To shew you, what the rest in orders were:
'This brilliant is so spotless and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper
light.

Dryden.

T h e R a k e .

A n open heart, a generous mind,
 But passion's slave, and wild as wind,
 In theory a judge of right,
 Though banish'd from its practice quite,
 So loose, so prostitute of soul,
 His nobler wit becomes the tool
 Of every importuning fool,
 A thousand virtues misapply'd,
 While reason floats on passion's tide,
 The ruin of the chaste and fair,
 The parent's curse, the virgin's snare,
 Whose false example leads astray
 The young, the thoughtless and the gay,
 Yet left alone to cooler thought,
 He knows, he sees, he feels his fault.
 He knows his fault, he feels, he views,
 Detesting, what he most pursues:
 His judgment tells him, all his gains
 For fleeting joys are lasting pains.
 Reason with appetite contending,
 Repenting still, and still offending,
 Abuser of the gifts of nature,
 A wretched self - condemning creature,
 He passes o'er life's ill - trod stage,

And dies, in youth the prey of age,
 The scorn, the pity of the wise,
 Who love, lament him — and despise!

By a Lady in New - England.

In Imitation of Shenstone. *)

Can the bosom of Laura be cold?
 Can she falsely abandon her friend?
 Can the love, she so oft did unfold,
 Oh, can it be now at an end?

Fair truth seem'd to beam from her eye,
 Sensibility glow'd on her cheek,
 And she left me, methought, with a sigh;
 But perhaps it was all a mistake,

Perhaps she but feign'd to bestow
 That praise, she so sweetly could give;
 Perhaps — but it cannot be so;
 For my Laura could never deceive.

Oh, ease my fond heart of its pain!
 Convince me, you still can be true!

*) Edinb. Mag. Jan. 1775.

The delightful assurance again
With engaging persuasion renew!

On the death of an Epicurean.

At length, my friends, the feast of life is o'er :
I've eat sufficient — and I'll drink no more.
My night is come, I've spent a jovial day :
'Tis time to part, but oh ! what is to pay ?

A F a r e w e l l.

Oft have I mus'd, but now at length I find,
Why those, that die, men say, they do depart.
Depart ! a word so gentle to my mind
Weakly did seem to paint death's ugly dart.

But now the stars with their strange course do bind
Me one to leave, with whom I leave my heart :
I hear a cry of spirits faint and blind,
'That parting thus, my chiefest part I part.

Part of my life, the loathed part to me,
Lives to impart my weary clay some breath :

But that good part, wherein all comforts be,

Now dead, doth shew, departure is a death.

Yea, worse than death, death's part both woe and
joy :

From joy I part, still living in annoy.

Sidney.

Phillis's Resolution.

When slaves their liberty require,

They hope no more to gain:

But you not only that desire,

But ask the pow'r to reign.

Think, how unjust a suit you make,

The you will soon decline :

Your freedom, when you please, pray, take,

But trespass not on mine.

No more in vain, Alcander, crave,

I ne'er will grant the thing,

That he , who once has been my slave ,

Should ever be my king.

Walsh.

The Bulfinch in Town.

Hark to the blackbird's pleasing note,
Sweet usher of the vocal throng!
Nature directs his warbling throat,
And all, that hear, admire the song.

Yon bulfinch with unwary'd tone,
Of cadence harsh and accent shrill,
Has brighter plumage, to atone
For want of harmony and skill.

Yet discontent with nature's boon,
Like man, to mimic art he flies,
On opera - pinions hoping soon
Unrivall'd he shall mount the skies.

And while, to please some courtly fair,
He one dull tune with labour learns,
A well - gilt cage, remote from air,
And faded plumes is all, he earns.

Go, hapless captive! still repeat
The sounds, which nature never taught;
Go, listening fair! and call them sweet,
Because you know them dearly bought.

Uncnvy'd both, go, hear and sing

Your study'd music o'er and o'er,

Whilst I attend th' inviting spring

In fields, where birds unfetter'd soar.

By a Lady of quality.

Jeu d'Esprit. *)

I lately thought, no man alive
Could e'er improve past forty five,
And ventur'd to assert it.

The observation was not new,
But seem'd to me so just and true,
That none could controvert it.

*) The following Jeu d'Esprit was the production of the present Dean of Derry, Dr. Barnard, who advanced in conversation with Sir Joshua Reynolds and other wits, that he thought, no man could improve, when he had pass'd the age of 45. Sam. Johnson, who was in company, with his usual elegance and polished graces immediately turn'd round to the facetious Dean, and told him, that he was an instance to the contrary, for that there was great room

„ No , Sir , says Johnson , 'tis not so ,
 That's your mistake , and I can shew
 An instance , if you doubt it ;
 You , Sir , who are near forty eight ,
 May much improve , 'tis not too late ,
 I wish you'd set about it . “

Encourag'd thus , to mend my faults ,
 I turn'd his counsel in my thoughts ,
 Which way I should apply it :
 Learning and wit seem'd past my reach ;
 For who can learn , when none will teach ?
 And wit — I could not buy it .

Then come , my friends , and try your skill ;
 You can improve me , if you will :

(My books are at a distance.)

With you I'll live and learn , and then ,
 Instead of books , I shall read men :

So lend me your assistance .

for improvement in him (the Dean), and wished,
 he'd set about it, upon which the Dean the
 next day sent the following elegant bagatelle to
 Sir Joshua Reynolds and the same company.

Dear *Knight of Plympton*, *) teach me, how
To suffer with unruffled brow

And smile serene like thine
The jest uncouth, or truth severe:
To such I'll turn my dearest ear,
And calmly drink my wine.

Thou say'st, not only skill is gain'd,
But genius too may be attain'd

By studious imitation:
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine
I'll copy, till I make thee mine
By constant application.

Thy art of pleasing teach me, Garrick,
Thou, **) who reversest odes pindaric,
A second time read o'er.

*) Sir Josh. Reynolds.

**) This alludes to Mr. Garrick's having reversed a few stanzas of a pindaric ode upon a gentleman's asserting, that all Pindaricks might be treated in the same manner and be equally intelligible. But so far from Mr. Garrick's having the least intention of ridiculing either the ode or the author, that he had before expressed

Oh ! could we read thee backward too ,
 Last thirty years thou should'st review ,
 And charm us thirty more.

If I have thoughts , and can't express 'em,
Gibbons shall teach me , how to dress 'em
 In terms select and terse ,
Jones teach me modesty and greek ,
Smith , how to think , *Burke* , how to speak ,
 And *Beauclerc* , to converse.

Let *Johnson* teach me , how to place
 In fairest light each borrow'd grace —
 From him I'll learn to write ,
 Copy his clear familiar style ,
 And from the roughness of his bile
 Grow like himself — polite.

Barnard.

his approbation of it, without knowing at the
 time, who wrote it.

O n S l e e p.

How sweet and pleasing are thy charms,
When I'm repos'd within thy arms!
No loss or cross or care I know,
And equal deem both high and low.
The smiles and frowns of friend and foe,
Unless when busy dreams invade:
But being dreams, they quickly fade,
As quick as shadows in the shade,
And peace in downy car succeeds,
Slow drawn by soft lethargick steeds,
That sweetly nod, but scarcely move,
Like some young parting pair in love.

Rochester.

The fatal gift.

Thyrsis, the glory of our plains,
A lovely blooming youth,
In whose unspotted bosom reigns
Fair virtue, love and truth,

One evening, sitting by my side,
Took from his lovely breast

A fragrant flow'r, in all the pride
Of blooming beauty dress'd,

Then with a sweet engaging air,
From affectation free,
'Tho' lovelier Arabel was there,
Presented it to me.

A glowing blush o'erspreads my face,
While I this truth impart:
Just, as he gave the flow'r, alas!
He stole my virgin heart.

Yet need I blush, since pure and chaste
Is my unblemish'd flame,
Nor dwells there in my guiltless breast
A wish deserving blame.

Still in my heart the tend'rest love
For this fair youth I find:
Nor time, nor absence can remove
His image from my mind.

*Constantia ***.*

A Turkish Ode of Mesîhi. *)

Hear , how the nightingales on every spray
Hail in wild notes the sweet return of May !
The gale , that o'er yon waving almond blows ,
The verdant bank with silver blossoms strows.
The smiling season decks each flowery glade :
Be gay ! too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

What gales of fragrance scent the vernal air !
Hills , dales and woods their loveliest mantles wear.
Who knows , what cares await that fatal day ,
When ruder gusts shall banish gentle May ?
Ev'n death perhaps our valleys will invade :
Be gay ! too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The tulip now its varied hue displays ,
And sheds , like Ahmed's eye , celestial rays.
Ah , nation ever faithful , ever true ,
The joys of youth , while May invites , pursue !
Will not these notes your timorous minds persuade ?
Be gay ! too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

*) Poems consisting chiefly of translations from the
asiatick languages. London 1777. 8.

The sparkling dewdrops o'er the lilies play,
 Like orient pearls, or like the beams of day.
 If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage,
 Attend, ye nymphs! (a poet's words are sage)
 While thus you sit beneath the trembling shade:
 Be gay! too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The fresh-blown rose like Zeineb's cheek appears,
 When pearls, like dewdrops, glitter in her ears.
 The charms of youth at once are seen and past,
 And nature says: "they are too sweet to last."
 So blooms the rose, and so the blushing maid:
 Be gay! too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

See yon anemonies their leaves unfold,
 With rubies flaming and with living gold!
 While crystal showers from weeping clouds descend,
 Enjoy the presence of thy tuneful friend.
 Now, while the wines are brought, the sofa's lay'd,
 Be gay! too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead,
 No more the rose-bud hangs her pensive head:
 The shrubs revive in valleys, meads and bowers,
 And every stalk is diadem'd with flowers.

In filken robes each hillock stands array'd :
Be gay ! too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

Clear drops each morn impearl the rose's bloom ,
And from its leaf the Zephyr drinks perfume.
The dewy buds expand their lucid store :
Be this your wealth , ye damsels : ask no more.
Though wise men envy , and though fools upbraid ,
Be gay ! too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The dewdrops , sprinkled by the musky gale ,
Are chang'd to essence , ere they reach the dale.
The mild blue sky a rich pavilion spreads
Without our labour o'er our favour'd heads.
Let others toil in war , in arts or trade :
Be gay ! too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

Late gloomy winter chill'd the fullen air ,
Till Soliman arose , and all was fair.
Soft in his reign the notes of love resound ,
And pleasure's rosy cup goes freely round.
Here on the bank , which mantling vines o'ershade ,
Be gay ! too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

May this rude lay from age to age remain ,
A true memorial of this lovely train.

Come , charming maid , and hear thy poet sing ,
 Thyself the rose , and he the bird of spring.
 Love bids him sing , and love will be obey'd :
 Be gay ! too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

A S o n g.

Love still has something of the sea ,
 From whence his mother rose ;
 No time his slaves from doubt can free ,
 Nor give his thoughts repose.

They are becalm'd in clearest days ,
 And in rough weather tost :
 They wither under cold delays ,
 Or are in tempests lost.

Onewhile they seem to touch the port ,
 Then straight into the main
 Some angry wind in cruel sport
 The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear ,
 Which if they chance to 'scape ,

Rivals and falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood:
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain,
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemene,
Offends the winged boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove,
And, if I gaz'd a thousand years,
I could not deeper love.

Sedley.

The monument of a fair maiden lady,
who died at Bath, and is there interred.

Below this marble monument is laid
All, that heav'n wants of this celestial maid.
Preserve, o sacred tomb, thy trust consign'd:

The mold was made on purpose for the mind,
 And she wou'd lose, if at the latter day
 One atom cou'd be mix'd of other clay.
 Such were the features of her heav'nly face,
 Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace,
 So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
 Had been an emanation of the soul,
 Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd,
 And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd,
 Or like the sun eclips'd with shaded light,
 Too piercing else, to be sustain'd by sight.
 Each thought was visible, that roll'd within,
 As through a crystal case the figur'd hours are seen,
 And heav'n did this transparent veil provide,
 Because she had no guilty thought to hide.
 All white, a virgin - faint, she sought the skies;
 For marriage, tho' it sullies not, it dies.
 High tho' her wit, yet humble was her mind,
 As if she cou'd not, or she wou'd not find,
 How much her worth transcended all her kind.
 Yet she had learn'd so much of heav'n below,
 That, when arriv'd, she scarce had more to know,
 But only to refresh the former hint,
 And read her maker in a fairer print.
 So pious, as she had no time to spare
 For human thoughts, but was confin'd to pray'r,

Yet in such charities she pass'd the day,
 'Twas wond'rous, how she found an hour to pray.
 A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
 Which passion cou'd but curl, not discompose.
 A female softness with a manly mind,
 A daughter duteous and a sister kind,
 In sickness patient and in death resign'd.

Dryden.

S o n g.

As on a summer's day
 In the greenwood shade I lay,
 The maid, that I lov'd,
 As her fancy mov'd,
 Came walking forth that way.

And as she pass'd by,
 With a scornful glance of her eye,
 What a shame, quoth she,
 For a swain must it be,
 Like a lazy loon for to lie?

And dost thou nothing heed,
 What Pan our God has decreed,

What a prize to day
Shall be given away
To the sweetest shepherd's reed ?

There's not a fingle fwain
Of all this fruitful plain ,
But with hopes and fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine ?
Up , up , dull fwain !
Tune thy pipe once again ,
And make the garland mine !

Alas , my love , I cried ,
What avails this courtly pride ?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart ,
What is all the world beside ?

To me thou art more gay
In this homely ruffet gray ,
Than the nymphs of our green ,

So trim and so sheen,
Or the brightest queen of May.

What to my fortune frown,
And deny thee a filken gown,
My own dear maid!
Be content with this shade
And a shepherd all thy own.

Rowe.

A r a m i n t a.

As near a weeping spring reclin'd,
The beauteous Araminta pin'd,
And mourn'd a false ungrateful youth,
While dying echo's caught the sound,
And spread the soft complaints around
Of broken vows and alter'd truth;

An aged shepherd heard her moan,
And thus in pity's kindest tone
Address'd the lost despairing maid:
Cease, cease, unhappy fair, to grieve,
For sound, tho' sweet, can ne'er relieve
A breaking heart, by love betray'd.

Why shouldst thou waste such precious showers,
That fall like dew on whiter'd flowers,
But dying passion ne'er restor'd?
In beauty's empire is no mean,
And woman, either slave or queen,
Is quickly scorn'd, when not ador'd.

Those liquid pearls from either eye,
Which might an eastern empire buy,
Unvalued here and fruitless fall;
No art the season can renew,
When love was young and Damon true,
No tears a wandering heart recall.

Cease, cease to grieve, thy tears are vain:
Should those fair orbs in drops of rain
Vie with a weeping southern sky?
For hearts o'ercome with love and grief
All nature yields but one relief:
Die, hapless Araminta, die!

Mrs. Barbauld.

On Wedlock.

No more, o Rome, thy modern creed defend,
No more for seven sacraments contend;
Each wedded wretch can readily confute
Thy boasted arguments in this dispute.
For all, by sad experience taught, proclaim,
Penance and matrimony are the same.

Picture of the domestic life and manners of the ancient knights.

There was a young and valiant knight,
Sir Eldred was his name,
And never did a worthier wight
The rank of knighthood claim.

Where gliding Tay her stream sends forth,
To crown the neighbouring wood,
The ancient glory of the North,
Sir Eldred's castle stood.

The youth was rich, as youth might be
In patrimonial dower,

And many a noble feat had he
Atchiev'd in hall and bower.

He did not think, as some have thought,
Whom honour never crown'd,
The fame, a father dearly bought,
Cou'd make the son renown'd.

He better thought, a noble Sire,
Who gallant deeds had done,
To deeds of hardihood shou'd fire
A brave and gallant son.

The fairest ancestry on earth
Without desert is poor,
And every deed of lofty worth
Is but a tax for more.

Sir Eldred's heart was good and kind,
Alive to pity's call:
A croud of virtues grac'd his mind,
He lov'd and felt for all.

When merit rais'd the sufferer's name,
He doubly serv'd him then,

And those, who cou'd not prove that claim,
He thought, they still were men.

But sacred truth the Muse compells,
His errors to impart,
And yet the Muse reluctant tells
The fault of Eldred's heart.

Tho' kind and gentle as the dove,
As free from guile and art,
As mild and soft as infant love
The feelings of his heart;

Yet if distrust his thoughts engage,
Or jealousy inspires,
His bosom wild and boundless rage
Inflames with all its fires.

Not Thule's waves so wildly break,
To drown the northern shore,
Not Etna's entrails fiercer shake,
Or Scythia's tempests roar.

As when in summer's sweetest day,
To fan the fragrant morn,

The sighing breezes softly stray
O'er fields of ripen'd corn ;

Sudden the lightning's blast descends ,
Deforms the ravag'd fields ,
At once the various ruin blends ,
And all resistless yields.

But when , to clear his stormy breast ,
The sun of reason shone ,
And ebbing passions sunk to rest ,
And shew'd , what rage had done ;

O then what anguish he betray'd !
His shame how deep , how true !
He view'd the waste , his rage had made ,
And shudder'd at the view.

The meek - ey'd dawn in saffron robe
Proclaim'd the opening day :
Up rose the sun , to gild the globe ,
And hail the new - born May ;

The birds their amorous notes repeat ,
And glad the vernal grove ,

Their feather'd partners fondly greet
With many a song of love ;

When pious Eldred walk'd abroad ,
His morning vows to pay ,
And hail the universal Lord ,
Who gave the goodly day.

That done , he left his woodland glade ,
And journey'd far away ;
He lov'd , to court the stranger shade ,
And thro' the lone vale stray.

Within the bosom of a wood ,
By circling hills embrac'd ,
A little modest mansion stood ,
Built by the hand of taste.

While many a prouder castle fell ,
This safely did endure ;
The house , where guardian virtues dwell ,
Is sacred and secure.

Of Eglantine an humble fence
Around the mansion stood ,

Which

Which charm'd at once the ravish'd sense,
And screen'd an infant wood.

The wood receiv'd and added grace,
As pleas'd it bent to look,
And view'd its ever verdant face
Reflected in a brook.

The smallness of the stream did well
The master's fortunes shew:
But little streams may serve, to tell,
From what a source they flow.

This mansion own'd an aged knight,
And such a man was he,
As heaven just shews to human sight,
To tell, what man shou'd be.

His youth in many a well-fought field
Was train'd betimes to war:
His bosom, like a well-worn shield,
Was grac'd with many a scar.

The vigour of a green old age
His reverend form did bear,

Retzer's Choice, Vol. IV. K

And yet, alas ! the warrior sage
Had drain'd the dregs of care.

And sorrow more than age can break,
And wound its hapless prey :
'Twas sorrow, furrow'd his firm cheek,
And turn'd his bright locks grey.

One darling daughter sooth'd his cares,
A young and beauteous dame,
Sole comfort of his failing years,
And *Birtha* was her name.

Her heart a little sacred shrine,
Where all the virtues meet,
And holy hope and faith divine
Had claim'd it for their seat.

She rear'd a fair and fragrant bower
Of wild and rustic taste,
And there she screen'd each fav'rite flower
From every ruder blast.

And not a shrub or plant was there,
But did some moral yield ;

For wisdom with a father's care
Was found in every field.

Miss Hannah Moore.

On a great house, adorned with statues.

The walls are thick, the servants thin,
The gods without, the dev'l within.

A m e r i c a.

Addressed to the Rev. Dean Tucker.

Crown'd be the man with lasting praise,
Who first contriv'd the pin,
To loose mad horses from the chaise,
And save the necks within.

See, how they prance and bound and skip,
And all controul disdain!
'They bid defiance to the whip,
And tear the filken rein.

Awhile we try, if art or strength
Are able to prevail,

But hopeless, when we find at length,
That all our hopes fail.

With ready foot the spring we press,
Out jumps the magic plug,
Then, disengag'd from all distress,
We sit quite safe and snug.

The pamper'd steeds their freedom gain'd,
Run off full speed together:
But, having not plan ascertain'd,
They run, they know not whither.

Boys, who love mischief and a course,
Enjoying the disaster,
Bawl, stop 'em! stop 'em! till they're hoarse,
But mean to drive them faster.

Each, claiming now his nat'ral right,
Scorns to obey his brother:
So they proceed to kick and bite,
And worry one another.

Hungry at last and blind and lame,
Bleeding at nose and eyes,

By suff'rings grown extremely tame,
And by experience wise,

With bellies full of liberty,
But void of oats and hay,
They both sneak back, their folly see,
And run no more away.

Let all, who view th' instructive scene,
And patronize the plan,
Give thanks to Glo'ster's honest Dean;
For, *Tucker*, thou'rt the man.

Soame Jenyns.

On a young Lady's refusing, to shew
her hand.

No argument could *Caelia* move:
With strong reluctance still she strove,
Her lovely hand to hide.

The case was plain; she was afraid,
That, plac'd in view, it might be said,
'Twas by her hand, they dy'd.

The Entail. *) A Fable.

In a fair summer's radiant morn
A butterfly divinely born,
Whose lineage dated from the mud
Of Noah's or Deucalion's flood,
Long hov'ring round a perfum'd lawn,
By various gusts of odours drawn,
At last establish'd his repose
On the rich bosom of a rose.
The palace pleas'd the lordly guest;
What insect own'd a prouder nest?
The dewy leaves luxurious shed
Their balmy odours o'er his head,
And with their silken tapestry fold
His limbs: enthron'd on central gold,
He thinks the thorns embattled round,
To guard his castle's lovely mound,
And all the bush's wide domain
Subservient to his fancied reign.

*) This piece was occasioned by the author being asked (after he had finished the little castle at Strawberry - hill, and adorned it with the portraits and arms of his ancestors) if he did not design, to entail it on his family?

Such ample blessings swell'd the fly :
 Yet in his mind's capacious eye
 He roll'd the change of mortal things ,
 The common fate of flies and kings.
 With grief he saw , how lands and honours
 Are apt , to slide to various owners ,
 Where Mowbrays dwelt , how grocers dwell ,
 And how cits buy , what barons sell.
 „ Great Phoebus , patriarch of my line ,
 „ Avert such shame from sons of thine !
 „ To them confirm these roofs ! “ he said ,
 And then he swore an oath so dread ,
 'The stoutest wasp , that wears a sword ,
 Had trembled , to have heard the word.
 „ If law can rivet down entails ,
 „ These manors ne'er shall pass to snails.
 „ I swear , “ — and then he smote his ermine —
 „ These towers were never built for vermin. “

A caterpillar grovell'd near ,
 A subtle slow conveyancer ,
 Who summon'd waddles with his quill ,
 To draw the haughty insect's will.
 None but his heirs must own the spot ,
 Begotten , or to be begot.
 Each leaf he binds , each bud he ties
 To eggs of eggs of butter flies ,

When (lo ! how fortune loves to tease
 'Those , who would dictate her decrees)
 A wanton boy was passing by.
 The wanton child beheld the fly,
 And eager ran to seize the prey,
 But too impetuous in his play,
 Crush'd the proud tenant of an hour,
 And swept away the mansion - flow'r.

T h e P l a g i a r y.

Moore always smiles, whenever he recites :
 He smiles, you think, approving what he writes,
 And yet in this no vanity is shown ;
 A modest man may like, what's not his own.

To Lady Winchelsea.

Occasioned by four satyrical verses on wo-
 men's wit in the rape of the lock.

In vain you boast poetic names of yore,
 And cite those Sappho's, we admire no more;
 Fate doom'd the fall of ev'ry female wit,
 But doom'd it then, when first Ardelia writ.

Of all examples, by the world confest,
 I knew, Ardelia could not quote the best,
 Who, like her Mistress on Britannia's throne,
 Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own.
 To write their praise, you but in vain essay;
 Ev'n, while you write, you take that praise away:
 Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
 But shines himself, till they are seen no more.

Swift.

On a Company of bad Dancers to good
 Music.

How ill the motion with the music suits !
 So Orpheus fiddled — and so danc'd the brutes.

On the death of the Marquis of Tavi-
 stock. *)

Virtuous youth !

Thank heaven, I knew thee not ! I ne'er shall feel
 The keen regret, the drooping friends sustain :
 Yet will I drop the sympathizing tear,

K 5

*) Occasioned by a fall from his horse.

And this due tribute to thy memory bring;
 Not that thy noble birth provokes my song,
 Or claims such offering from the Muses shrine,
 But that thy spotless undissembling heart,
 Thy unaffected manners, all unstain'd
 With pride of power and insolence of wealth,
 Thy probity, benevolence and truth,
 (Best inmates of man's soul!) for ever lost,
 Cropt like fair flowers in life's meridian bloom,
 Fade undistinguish'd in the silent grave.

O *Bedford*! — pardon, if a Muse unknown,
 Smit with thy heart - felt grief, directs her way
 To sorrow's dark abode, where thee she views,
 Thee, wretched fire, and pitying hears thee mourn
 Thy *Russel's* fate. — „ Why was he thus belov'd?
 „ Why did he bless my life? “ Fond parent, cease,
 Count not his virtues o'er. — Hard task! — call
 forth

Thy firm hereditary strength of mind.
 Lo! where the shade of thy great ancestor,
 Fam'd *Russel*, stands, and chides thy vain complaint.
 His philosophic soul with patience arm'd,
 And christian virtue, brav'd the pangs of death:
 Admir'd, belov'd, he dy'd, (if right I deem)
 Not more lamented than thy virtuous son.
 Yet calm thy mind: so may the lenient hand

Of time, all - soothing time, thy pangs assuage,
 Heal thy sad wound, and close thy days in peace.
 See, where the object of his filial love,
 His mother, lost in tears, laments his doom!
 Speak comfort to her soul. —

O! from the sacred fount, where flow the streams
 Of heavenly consolation, o! one drop,
 To sooth his hapless wife, now sorrow's prey,
 Upon her tender frame. — Alas! she faints —
 She falls, still grasping in her hand
 The picture of her Lord. *) — All-gracious heaven!
 Just are thy ways and righteous thy decrees,
 But dark and intricate; else why this meed
 For tender faithful love? this sad return
 For innocence and truth? was it for this,
 By virtue and the smiling Graces led, **)
 (Fair types of long succeeding years of joy)

*) It is reported, that on hearing of her husband's death the Marchioness took up a picture of him, and could not be persuaded to part with, or cease looking at it.

**) At the marriage of the Marquis his Lady was attended by three other Ladies, habited like the Graces, and bearing a wreath of flowers to the altar.

She twin'd the votive wreath at Hymen's shrine,
 So soon to fade and die? Yet o! reflect,
 Chaste partner of his life! you ne'er deplor'd
 His alienated heart; (disast'rous state!
 Condition worse than death!) the sacred torch
 Burnt to the last its unremitted fires.
 No painful self - reproach hast thou to feel:
 'The conscious thought of every duty paid,
 'This sweet reflection shall support thy mind:
 Be this thy comfort. Turn thine eyes awhile,
 Nor with that lifeless picture feed thy woe!
 'Turn yet thine eyes, see, how they court thy smiles,
 'Those infant pledges of connubial joy!
 Dwell on their looks, and trace his image there,
 And o! since heaven, in pity to thy loss,
 For thee one future blessing has in store,
 Cherish that tender hope. *) — Hear reason's voice:
 Hush'd be the storms, that vex thy troubled breast,
 And angels guard thee in the hour of pain.

Accept this ardent prayer! a Muse forgive,
 Who for thy sorrows draws the pensive sigh,
 Who feels thy grief, tho' erst in frolic hour
 She tun'd her comic rhimes to mirth and joy, **)

*) The Marchioness was then in her pregnancy.

**) The new Bath - guide.

Unskill'd (I ween) in lofty verse, unus'd
 To plaintive strains, yet by soft pity led,
 Trembling revisits the Pierian vale,
 There culls each fragrant flower, to deck the tomb,
 Where generous *Ruffel* lies.

Anstey.

A prudent choice.

When *Loveless* marry'd Lady *Jenny*,
 Whose beauty was the ready penny,
 I chose her, says he, like old plate,
 Not for the fashion, but the weight.

Ode to Contentment.

Hail, sweet Contentment, calm repose!
 The balm of comfort shed!
 Oh! let me not complain of woes,
 By thy kind guidance led!

To thee compassion is allied,
 Revengeful hope unknown

As thou a stranger art to pride,
From thee discord is flown.

Tho' plain and humble be my lot,
Yet grant me strength of mind:
So shall I find, though in a cot,
Pleasures the most refin'd;

With pity shall behold the great,
While no rude cares molest,
Nor fond desire for useless state
Disturb my tranquil breast.

In silent glene, in hollow cave
And hermit's lonely cell,
Where winding streams delight to lave,
Reflection deigns to dwell.

Far from the bustling scenes of life,
I wish in peace to rest,
Remov'd from vanity and strife,
In calm retirement blest.

To me in Gorgon terrors clad,
Appear the rash and bold,

The vain , the wealthy and the bad ,
Who thirst for nought but gold.

With horror such delights behold ,
As deck the festive scene ,
Tho' young , am prematurely old ,
Collected , grave , serene.

To thee , Contentment , thus I bend
With meek and humble heart ;
In pity to my pray'r attend ,
And lend thy soothing art !

Mrs. Ann Murry.

The charitable Fair - one.

Belinda has such wond'rous charms ,
'Tis heaven , to lie within her arms ,
And she's so charitably given ,
She wishes all mankind in heaven.

The Wish, an Elegy to Urania.

Let others travel, with incessant pain
The wealth of earth and ocean to secure,
Then with fond hopes caress the precious bane,
In grandeur abject and in affluence poor.

But soon, to soon, in Fancy's timid eyes
Wild waves shall roll, and conflagrations spread,
While bright in arms and of gigantic size
The fear - form'd robber haunts the thorny bed.

Let me, in dreadless poverty retir'd,
The real joys of life, unenvied, share:
Favour'd by Love, and by the Muse inspir'd,
I'll yield to wealth its jealousy and care.

On rising ground, the prospect to command,
Unting'd with smoke, where vernal breezes blow,
In rural neatness let my cottage stand,
Here wave a wood, and there a river flow.

Oft from the neighbouring hills and pastures round
Let sheep with tender bleat salute my ear,
Nor fox insidious haunt the guiltless ground,
Nor man pursue the trade of murder near.

Far hence, kind heaven! expell the savage train,
Inur'd to blood and eager to destroy,
Who pointed steel with recent slaughter stain,
And place in groans and death their cruel joy.

Ye powers of social life and tender song!
To you devoted shall my fields remain,
Here undisturb'd the peaceful day prolong,
Nor own a smart, but love's delightful pain.

For you my trees shall wave their leafy shade,
For you my gardens tinge the lenient air,
For you be Autumn's blushing gifts display'd,
And all, that nature yields of sweet or fair.

But o! if plaints, which love and grief inspire,
In heavenly breasts could e'er compassion find,
Grant me, ah! grant my heart's supreme desire,
And teach my dear Urania to be kind.

For her black sadness clouds my brightest day,
For her in tears the midnight vigils roll,
For her cold horrors melt my powers away,
And chill the living vigour of my soul.

Beneath her scorn each youthful ardor dies,
Its joys, its wishes and its hopes expire:
In vain the fields of science tempt my eyes,
In vain for me the Muses string the lyre.

O! let her oft my humble dwelling grace,
Humble no more, if there she deign to shine;
For heaven, unlimited by time or place,
Still waits on god-like worth and charms divine.

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn
How sweet, with her thro' lonely fields to stray!
Her charms the loveliest landskip shall adorn,
And add new glories to the rising day.

With her all nature shines in heighten'd bloom,
The silver stream in sweeter music flows,
Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume,
And deeper tinctures paint the spreadling rose.

With her the shades of night their horrors lose;
Its deepest silence charms, if she be by:
Her voice the music of the dawn renews,
Its lambent radiance sparkles in her eye.

How sweet, with her in wisdom's calm recess
To brighten soft desire, with wit refin'd,
Kind nature's laws with sacred Ashley trace,
And view the fairest features of the mind,

Or borne on Milton's flight, as heaven sublime,
View its full blaze in open prospect glow,
Bless the first pair in Eden's happy clime,
Or drop the human tear for endless woe!

And when, in virtue and in peace grown old,
No arts the languid lamp of life restore,
Her let me grasp with hands convuls'd and cold,
Till every nerve relax'd can hold no more.

Long, long on her my dying eyes suspend,
Till the last beam shall vibrate on my sight:
Then soar, where only greater joys attend,
And bear her image to eternal light.

Fond man, ah! whither would thy fancy rove?
'Tis thine, to languish in unpitied smart:
'Tis thine, alas! eternal scorn to prove,
Nor feel one gleam of comfort warm thy heart.

But if my fair this cruel law impose,
Pleas'd to her will I all my soul resign,
'To walk beneath the burden of my woes,
Or sink in death, nor at my fate repine.

Yet when with woes unmingled and sincere
'To earth's cold womb in silence I descend,
Let her, to grace my obsequies, appear,
And with the weeping throng her sorrows blend.

Ah! no, be all her hours with pleasure crown'd,
And all her soul from every anguish free!
Should my sad fate that gentle bosom wound,
The joys of heaven would be no joys to me.

Blacklock.

Epistle to Pollio from the hills
of Howth in Ireland.

Pollio! would'st thou condescend,
Here to see thy humble friend,
Far from doctors, potions, pills,
Drinking health on native hills,
'Thou the precious draught may'st share:
Lucy shall the bowl prepare.

From the broufing goat it flows ,
 From each balmy shrub , that grows.
 Hence the kidling's wanton fire ,
 Hence the nerves, that brace his fire.
 Vigorous , buxom , young and gay ,
 Thou like them shalt love and play.

What , though far from filver Thames ,
 Stately piles and courtly dames ,
 Here we boast a purer flood ,
 Joys , that stream from sprightly blood.
 Here is simple beauty seen ,
 Fair and cloath'd like beauty's queen :
 Nature's hands the garbs compose
 From the lily and the rose.
 Or, if, charm'd with richer dies,
 Fancy every robe supplies ,
 Should perchance some high - born fair
 Absent claim thy tender care ,
 Here enraptur'd shalt thou trace
 S — 's shape and R — 's face ,
 While the waking dream shall pay
 Many a wishing hopeless day.
 Domes, with gold and toil unbought ,
 Rise by magic pow'r of thought ,
 Where , by artist's hand undrawn ,
 Slopes the vale and spreads the lawn ,

As if sportive nature meant,
Here to mock the works of Kent.

Come, and with thee bring along
Jocund tale and witty song,
Sense to teach and words to move,
Arts, that please, adorn, improve,
And, to gild the glorious scene,
Conscience spotless and serene.
Poor with all a H — t's store
Lives the man, who pines for more.
Wretched he, who, doom'd to roam,
Never can be blest at home,
Nor retire within his mind
From th' ungrateful and unkind!
Happy they, whom crowds befriend,
Curs'd, who on the crowd depend,
On the great one's peevish fit,
On the coxcomb's spurious wit,
Ever sentenc'd, to bemoan
Others failings in their own!

If, like them, rejecting ease,
Hills and health no longer please,
Quick descend! — 'Thou may'st resort
To the viceroy's splendid court.
There, indignant, shalt thou see
Cringing slaves, who might be free,

Brib'd with titles, hope or gain,
 'Tye their country's shameful chain,
 Or, inspir'd by heav'n's good cause,
 Walte the land with holy laws,
 While the gleanings of their power
 Lawyers, lordlings, priests devour.
 Now, methinks, I hear thee say,
 „ Drink alone thy mountain - whey!
 „ Wherefore tempt the Irish shoals?
 „ Sights like these are nearer Paul's. “

West.

Verses, copied from the window of an
 obscure lodging - house in the neighbour-
 hood of London. *)

Stranger, whoe'er thou art, whose restless mind,
 Like me, within these walls is cribb'd, confin'd, **)

Learn, how each want, that heaves our mutual sigh,
 A woman's soft sollicitudes supply!
 From her white breast retreat all rude alarms,
 Or fly the circle of her magic arms,

L 4

*) Edinb. Mag. Nov. 1779.

**) Macbeth.

While souls exchang'd alternate grace acquire,
And passions catch from passions glorious fire.

What, tho', to deck this roof, no arts combine
Such forms, as rival ev'ry fair but mine,
No nodding plumes, our humble couch above,
Proclaim each triumph of unbounded love,
No silver lamp, with sculptur'd Cupids gay,
O'er yielding beauty pours its midnight ray,
Yet Fanny's charms could time's slow flight beguile,
Sooth ev'ry care, and make this dungeon smile.
In her, what kings, what saints have wish'd, is giv'n;
Her heart is empire and her love is heav'n!

To Dr. Andrews, Provost of Trinity-
college.

In imitation of Horace: ne sit ancillae &c.

Blush not, dear Andrews, nor disclaim
A passion for that matchless dame
Who kindles in all breasts a flame,
By beauty's magic force!
What, tho' o'er Dolly's lovely head
Summers twice ten are scarcely fled,

Is it on that account decreed,
 She must refuse of course?

Milton, coaeval with thy fire,
 Durst to a blooming maid aspire,
 And felt, or feign'd a lover's fire
 At seventy - three, or more.

Bligh, who in Churchills battles bled,
 Took a young virgin to his bed:
 No horny dreams disturb'd his head,
 Tho' shaking at four score.

Intrepid Lucas, lame and old,
 Bereft of eye - sight, health and gold,
 To a green girl his passion told,
 And clasp'd a yielding bride.
 Then, prythee, leave that face of care,
 Let not your looks presage despair,
 Be jovial, brisk and debonnair,
 My life, you're not deny'd.

Nor think, my friend, because I prize
 Her breasts, that gently fall and rise,
 Her auburn hair and radiant eyes,
 I envy your espousal:
 No rival passion fires my breast,

Long since from am'rous pains at rest,
Nay more, to prove, what I've profess'd,
I'll carry your proposal.

*Townshend. *)*

Epitaph of Mr. Edw. Stockdale,
an eminent Chandler of the city of Cork.

Here lies Ned Stockdale, honest fellow,
Who dy'd by fat, and liv'd by tallow.
His light before men always shone,
His mould is underneath this stone:
Then taking things by the right handle,
Is not this life a farthing candle,
The longest age but a wax taper,
A torch, blown out by ev'ry vapour?
To - day 'twill burn, to - morrow blink,
And end as mortals in a stink.
If this be true, then worthy Ned
Is a wax light among the dead:
His fluted form still sheds perfume,
And scatters lustre round his tomb:

*) Fugitive Miscellany. Dublin. 1774.

Then what is mortal life? why, tush,
This mortal life's not worth a rush.

Rev. Mr. de la Cour.

On a Lady, stung by a bee.

To heal the wound, the bee had made
Upon my Delia's face,
Its honey to the wound she laid,
And bid me kiss the place.

Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the wound
Suck'd both the sweet and smart:
The honey on my lips I found,
The sting went through my heart.

In a window. *)

Says John to Mylady, as together they sat,
Shall we first go to supper, or do, you know what?
Dear Sir John, with a smile return'd the good Lady,
Let us do, you know what; for supper's not ready.

*) *Gent. Mag.* L. 1731. p. 446.

On a dancing company from the glass-
window and boghouse.

This dance foretells that couple's life,
Who mean to dance as man and wife;
As here, they first with vigour set,
Give hands, and turn, whene'er they meet,
But soon will quit their former track,
Cast off, and end in back to back.

On the Queen's Grotto.

Lewis the living Genius fed,
And rais'd the scientific head:
Our Queen, more frugal of her meat,
Raises those heads, which cannot eat.

A Blackamore - maid to a fair boy. *)

Stay, lovely boy! why fly'st thou me,
Who languish in these flames for thee?

*) Taken from a MS. copy of poems by Dr. King,
Bishop of Chichester, who died in 1669. Gent.
Mag. Jul. 1742. 342.

I'm black, 'tis true: why, so is night,
Yet love doth in its shades delight.
One moment close thy sparkling eye,
The world shall seem as black as I.
Or look, and see, how black a shade
Is by thy own white body made,
That follows thee, where'er thou go.
Ah, who allow'd would not do so?
Oh, let me then that shadow be:
No maid shall then be blest like me.

King.

The boy's answer.

Black maid, complain not, that I fly,
When fate commands antipathy!
How monstrous would that union prove,
Where night and day should mingled move,
And the conjunction of our lips
Not kisses make, but an eclipse,
In which the black, shading the white,
Portends more terror than delight!
Yet, if my shadow thou wilt be,
Enjoy my shadow's property,
Which, tho' attendant on my eye,

Yet hastes away, as I come nigh!
Else stay, till death hath struck me blind,
And then at will thou may'st be kind.

The fair reformer. *)

My charming monitor, I own,
Since your reproof I'm better grown,
Was twice at church in one day!
I now drink tea with sober folks,
Sing psalms, instead of craking yokes,
And miss'd my club last sunday.

Yet mark the cause of my despair!
Others are sure to gain by prayer
The heaven, which they pursue:
But my desire's of such extent,
I fear, it is too much to grant,
I pray — to live with you.

*) Gent. Mag. 1743. Jan.

The Victory.

Poor Damon sigh'd, and vainly strove,
 'To tell Clarissa of his love.
 He lov'd indeed, but fear'd to shew,
 How near his heart the passion grew.
 Unhappy swain! — Philander rose,
 He talk'd, she smil'd, he swore, she chose.

Thus the young archer trembling stands:
 He views the game, but doubts his hands.
 'Th' experienc'd thus, without surprize,
 Observes the whirring partridge rise,
 Wings swift the dart, she flutt'ring dies.

Verfes, upon lying in the same bed,
 which Wilmot earl of Rochester us'd at
 Atterbury, a seat of the Duke of Argyle in
 Oxfordshire. Jul. 9. 1739.

With no poetic ardour fir'd,
 I press the bed, where Wilmot lay:
 That here he lov'd, or here expir'd,
 Begets no numbers grave or gay.

But in thy roof, Argyle, are bred

Such thoughts, as prompt the brave to lie,
 Strech'd out in honour's nobler bed,
 Beneath a nobler roof, the sky;

Such flames, as high in patriots burn,
 Yet stoop to bless a child or wife,
 And such, as wicked kings may mourn,
 When freedom is more dear than life.

Pope.

S o n n e t.

When Phoebe form'd a wanton smile,
 My soul! it reach'd not here:
 Strange! that thy peace, thou trembler, flies
 Before a rising tear.

From midst the drops my love is born,
 That o'er those eye-lids rove:
 Thus issu'd from a teeming wave
 The fabled queen of love.

To

To a young Lady embroidering.

Arachne once, ill - fated maid,
 Daring Minerva to engage,
 Her form was chang'd, her beauty fled;
 She fell a victim to her rage.

Oh! then beware Arachne's fate,
 Be prudent, fair - one, and submit;
 For you'll more justly feel her hate,
 Who rival both her art and wit.

The Female Seducers, a Fable.

'Tis said of widow, maid and wife,
 That honour is a woman's life.
 Unhappy sex, who only claim
 A being in the breath of fame,
 Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales,
 That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
 Nor all the healing sweets restore,
 That breathe along Arabia's shore!

The trav'ler, if he chance to stray,
 May turn incensur'd to his way:
 Polluted streams again are pure,

And deepest wounds admit a cure.
But woman no redemption knows;
The wounds of honour never close.

Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore;
Her swifter folly flies before:
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose,
Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnacle sinks to rest.

Are there no off'rings, to atone
For but a single error? — None.
Tho' woman is avow'd of old
No daughter of celestial mold,
Her temp'ring not without alloy,
And form'd, but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength, angelic natures claim:
Nay more; for sacred stories tell,
That ev'n immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth and ambient air,

With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow,
The moon repletes her waining face,
All - beauteous, from her late disgrace,
And suns, that mourn th' approaching night,
Refulgent rise with new - born light.

In vain may death and time subdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart.

'Tis hence, reviving warmth is seen,
To clothe a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold,
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lints fresh pinions on the spring.
Again from every latent root
The bladed stem and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish and to rise.

And must weak woman then disown
The change, to which a world is prone,
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like ev'ning sun's decline,

Resolv'd and firm alone? — Is this,
What we demand of woman? — Yes.

But should the spark of vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire,
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoils possess'd,
The dragon honour charm'd to rest,
Shall virtue's flame no more return,
No more with virgin splendor burn,
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom? — No.
Pity may mourn, but not restore,
And woman falls, to rise no more.

Within this sublunary sphere
A country lies — no matter, where:
The clime may readily be found
By all, who tread poetic ground.
A stream, call'd life, across it glides,
And equally the land divides,
And here of vice the province lies,
And there the hills of virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling chose,

As well for prospect, as repose.
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And 'Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
Confess'd the honours of their line :
But in a little daughter fair
Was center'd more than half their care ;
For heav'n , to gratulate her birth ,
Gave signs of future joy to earth.
'White was the robe , this infant wore ,
And Chastity the name , she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew ,
(A flow'r , just opening to the view)
Oft thro' her native lawns she stray'd ,
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd :
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd ,
The breeze grew purer, as she breath'd,
'The morn her radiant blush assum'd ,
'The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd ,
And nature yearly took delight ,
Like her to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen ,
To reach the crisis of fifteen ,
Her parents up the mountain's head
With anxious step their darling led :

By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express'd:

„ O ! joyful cause of many a care !

O daughter too divinely fair !

Yon world on this important day

Demands thee to a dang'rous way ;

A painful journey all must go ,

Whose doubted period none can know ,

Whose due direction who can find ,

Where reason's mute , and sense is blind ?

Ah , what unequal leaders these

Thro' such a wide perplexing maze !

Then mark the warnings of the wise ,

And learn , what love and years advise.

Far to the right thy prospect bend ,

Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend :

Lo there the arduous paths in view ,

Which virtue and her sons pursue.

With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise ,

And gain and gain upon the skies.

Narrow's the way , her children tread ,

No walk for pleasure smoothly spread ,

But rough and difficult and steep ,

Painful to climb , and hard to keep.

Fruits immature those lands dispense ,

A food indelicate to sense ,

Of taste unpleasant : yet from those
Pure health with chearful vigour flows,
And strength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long laborious way.

Hence, as they scale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lightened of its load ;
From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below.
Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
And smooth the rugged path appears ;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And, taught by virtue, pain can please.
At length, the toilsome journey o'er,
And near the bright celestial shore,
A gulph, black, fearful and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound.
'Thro' darkness leading up to light,
Sense backwards shrinks, and shuns the sight ;
For there the transitory train
Of time and form and care and pain
And matter's gross incumb'ring mass,
Man's late associates, cannot pass,
But sinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring soul at large :
Lightly she wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, o thither wing thy speed,
Tho' pleasure charm, or pain impede;
To such th' all - bounteous pow'r has giv'n
For present earth a future heav'n,
For trivial loss unmeasur'd gain,
And endless bliss for transient pain.

Then fear, ah! fear, to turn thy sight,
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
Wide on the left the path - way bends,
And with pernicious ease descends:
There, sweet to sense and fair to show,
New - planted Edens seem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poison bear;
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each sinew slack'ning at the taste:
The soul to passion yields her throne,
And sees with organs not her own,
While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The scenes of fairy - land arise,
The puppet world's amusing show,
Dipt in the gayly - colour'd bow,
Scepters and wreaths and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants and of kings,

That tempte along the baneful plain
 The idly wise and lightly vain,
 Till, verging on the gulphy shore,
 Sudden they sink, and rise no more.

But list to what thy fates declare:
 Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair,
 If once thy sliding foot should stray,
 Once quit yon heav'n - appointed way,
 For thee, lost maid, for thee alone
 Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone:
 Reproach, scorn, infamy and hate
 On thy returning steps shall wait,
 Thy form be loath'd by every eye,
 And every foot thy presence fly. "

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
 Like guardian angels plac'd around,
 A charm, by truth divinely cast,
 Forward our young advent'rer pass'd,
 Forth from her sacred eye - lids sent,
 Like morn, fore - running radiance went,
 While honour, hand - maid late assign'd,
 Upheld her lucid train behind.
 Awe - struck the much admiring crowd
 Before the virgin vision bow'd,
 Gaz'd with an ever new delight,
 And caught fresh virtue at the sight;

For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem the heav'n - compounded dame :
If matter, sure the most refin'd,
High wrought and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.

Where - e'er she passes, thousands bend,
And thousands, where she moves, attend :
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises blest,
While to the elevated maid
Oblations, as to heav'n, are paid.

'Twas on an ever blithesome day
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
New melts the frost in ev'ry breast,
The cheek with secret flushing dies,
And looks kind things from chastest eyes,
The sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' etherial plain,
Where late he us'd, to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.

And now for momentary rest
The nymph her travell'd step repress'd,

Just turn'd to view , the stage attain'd ,
 And glory'd in the height , she gain'd.
 Out - stretch'd before her wide survey
 The realms of sweet perdition lay ,
 And pity touch'd her soul with woe ,
 To see a world so lost below ,
 When straight the breeze began to breath
 Airs gently wafted from beneath ,
 That bore commission'd witchcraft thence ,
 And reach'd her sympathy of sense :
 No sounds of discord , that disclose
 A people , sunk and lost in woes ,
 But, as of present good possess'd ,
 The very triumph of the blest'd.
 The maid in rapt attention hung ,
 While thus approaching Sirens sung :

„ Hither , fairest , hither haste ,
 Brightest beauty ! come , and taste ,
 What the pow'rs of bliss unfold ,
 Joys, too mighty, to be told !
 Taste , what extasies they give !
 Dying raptures taste , and live !

In thy lap , disdaining measure ,
 Nature empties all her treasure ,
 Soft desires, that sweetly languish,
 Fierce delights , that rise to anguish :

Fairest, dost thou yet delay?

Brightest beauty, come away!

Lift not, when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry and pride,
Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
April's sunshine is offence;
Age and envy will advise
Ev'n against the joy, they prize.

Come! in pleasure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirsting of thy soul,
Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment, past the painting!
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away! "

So sung the Sirens, as of yore
Upon the false Ausonian shore,
And o! for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulysses on the main,
That so our fair - one might withstand
The cover'd ruin now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters stood in view,
Curiosity with prying eyes
And hands of busy bold emprise:
Like Hermes feather'd were her feet,
And, like fore - running fancy, fleet:

By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
 To novelty she still aspir'd,
 Tasteless of every good possess'd,
 And but in expectation blest'd.

With her associate, pleasure came,
 Gay pleasure, frolic - loving dame,
 Her mien all swimming in delight,
 Her beauties half reveal'd to sight:
 Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
 And caught the kissing wings around.

As erst Medusa's looks were known,
 To turn beholders into stone,
 A dire reversion here they felt,
 And in the eye of pleasure melt,
 Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,
 Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd,
 No safety ev'n the flying find,
 Who vent'rous look but once behind;
 Thus was the much admiring maid,
 While distant, more than half betray'd.

With smiles and adulation bland,
 They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand:
 Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
 Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd,
 While half consenting, half denying,
 Reluctant now, and now complying,

Amidst a war of hopes and fears
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
Still down and down the winning pair
Compell'd the struggling yielding fair.

As, when some stately vessel bound
To blest Arabia's distant ground,
Borne from her courses haply lights,
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land,
Lurk the dire rock and dang'rous sand,
'The pilot warns, with sail and 'oar
To shun the much suspected shore,
In vain, the tide, too subtly strong,
Still bears the wrestling bark along,
'Till found'ring, she resigns to fate,
And sinks o'erwhelm'd with all her freight;
So, baffling ev'ry bar to fin,
And heav'n's own pilot place'd within,
Along the devious smooth descent,
With pow'rs increas'ing, as they went,
The dames, accusom'd to subdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The lost, the long reluctant maid.

Here stop, ye fair - ones, and beware,
Nor send your fond affections there;

Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
 May turn, to you and heav'n restor'd.
 Till then with weeping honour wait,
 The servant of her better fate,
 With honour, left upon the shore,
 Her friend and hand - maid now no more:
 Nor with the guilty world upbraid
 The fortunes of a wretch betray'd,
 But o'er her failing cast a veil,
 Rememb'ring, you your - selves are frail.

And now from all - enquiring light
 Fast fled the conscious shades of night:
 The damsel, from a short repose,
 Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when, with slumbrous weight oppress'd,
 Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
 Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
 And steal his hoord of joys away,
 He, borne, where golden Indus streams,
 Of pearl and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
 Like Midas turns the glebe to 'oar,
 And stands all wrapt amidst his store,
 But wakens, naked and despoil'd
 Of that, for which his years had toil'd;
 So far'd the nymph, her treasure flown,
 And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone:

Within, without obscure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.
And o thou curs'd insidious coast!
Are these the blessings, thou canst boast?
These, virtue! these the joys, they find,
Who leave thy heav'n - topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me! she cried.

Her trumpet slander rais'd on high,
And told the tydings to the sky.
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A fide - long viper to her heart:
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And foil'd and blasted ev'ry grace:
Officious shame, her hand - maid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view,
While those, in crimes the deepest dy'd,
Approach'd to whiten at her fide,
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do? Attempt once more,
'To gain the late deserted shore?
So trusting, back the mourner flew,
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd:

But

But echo gathers in the wind ,
 And shows her instant foes behind.
 Amaz'd , with headlong speed she tends ,
 Where late she left an host of friends.
 Alas ! those shrinking friends decline ,
 Nor longer own that form divine :
 With fear they mark the following cry ,
 And from the lonely trembler fly ,
 Or backward drive her on the coast ,
 Where peace was wreck'd , and honour lost.
 From earth thus hoping aid in vain ,
 To heav'n not daring to complain ,
 No truce by hostile clamour giv'n ,
 And from the face of friendship driv'n ,
 The nymph sunk prostrate on the ground
 With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling sky ,
 Upon a mount , o'er mountains high ,
 All radiant fate , as in a shrine ,
 Virtue , first effluence divine ,
 Far , far above the scenes of woe ,
 That shut this cloud - wrapt world below ,
 Superior goddess , essence bright ,
 Beauty of uncreated light ,
 Whom should mortality survey ,
 As doom'd upon a certain day ,

The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n and solar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To rise a new - born phoenix die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care and Melancholy, made.

Thro' this her all - enquiring eye,
Attentive, from her station high
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair,
And with a voice, whose awful sound
Appal'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the furling of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain,
The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung:

„Lovely Penitent, arise!
Come, and claim thy kindred skies!
Come, thy sister angels say,
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide
 'Twixt the good and evil try'd !
 In the smooth enchanted ground ,
 Say , unfold the treasures found !

Structures , rais'd by morning dreams ,
 Sands , that trip the flitting streams ,
 Down , that anchors on the air ,
 Clouds , that paint their changes there ;

Seas , that smoothly dimpling lie ,
 While the storm impends on high ,
 Showing in an obvious glass
 Joys , that in possession pass.

Transient , fickle , light and gay ,
 Flatt'ring , only to betray ,
 What , alas , can life contain ?
 Life , like all its circles , vain !

Will the stork , intending rest ,
 On the billow build her nest ?
 Will the bee demand his store
 From the bleak and bladeless shore ?

Man alone , intent to stray ,
 Ever turns from wisdom's way ,
 Lays up wealth in foreign land ,
 Sows the sea , and plows the sand.

Soon this elemental mass ,
 Soon th' incumb'ring world shall pass ,

Form be wrapt in wasting fire ,
Time be spent , and life expire.

Then , ye boasted works of men ,
Where is your asylum then ?
Sons of pleasure , sons of care ,
Tell me , mortals , tell me , where ?

Gone , like traces on the deep ,
Like a scepter , grasp'd in sleep ,
Dews , exhal'd from morning glades ,
Melting snows and gliding shades.

Pass the world , and what's behind ?
Virtue's gold , by fire refin'd ,
From an universe deprav'd ,
From the wreck of nature sav'd ;

Like the life - supporting grain ,
Fruit of patience and of pain ,
On the swain's autumnal day
Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little trembler , fear no more !
Thou hast plenteous crops in store ,
Seed , by genial furrows sown ,
More , than all thy scorers own.

What , tho' hostile earth despise ,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes :
Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide ,
Chear thy hours , and guard thy side.

When the fatal trump shall sound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heav'n shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the blest'sd.

Little native of the skies,
Lovely Penitent, arise!
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow!
Virtue is thy sister now.

More delightful are my woes,
Than the rapture, pleasure knows,
Richer far the weeds, I bring,
Than the robes, that grace a king.

On my wars of shortest date
Crowns of endless triumph wait,
On my cares a period blest'sd,
On my toils eternal rest.

Come with virtue at thy side!
Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
Till we gain our native shore!
Sister, come, and turn no more!"

Brooke.

On the death of the Right - honourable --

Ye Muses, pour the pitying tear
For Pollio snatch'd away;
For had he liv'd another year,
He had not dy'd to day.

O, were he born to bless mankind
In virtuous times of yore,
Heroes themselves had fall'n behind,
Whene'er he went before.

How sad the groves and plains appear
And sympathetic sheep:
Even pitying hills wou'd drop a tear,
If hills could learn to weep.

His bounty in exalted strain
Each bard might well display,
Since none implor'd relief in vain,
That went reliev'd away.

And hark! I hear the tuneful throng
His obsequies forbid.
He still shall live, shall live as long,
As ever dead man did.

On a Gentleman's omitting, to subscribe
his name in a letter to a Lady.

'Tis true, I did forget my name:
But many a man hath done the same
In circumstance, like mine;
Alas! my crazy head's too prone,
Not only to forget my own,
But ev'ry name, but thine.

Howe'er the means are in your pow'r,
'To make me bless it ev'ry hour,
(Dear charmer, then abet it!)
Do but unite your name with mine,
I then shall think it half divine,
And never more forget it.

On the parson of the parish.

Come, let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall;
For, sure, if he'd liv'd, he had bury'd us all.

E p i t a p h. *)

Here lies John Duke of Marlborough,
 Who run the French thorough and through:
 He marry'd Sarah Jennins, spinster,
 Dy'd at St. James', bury'd at Westminster.

Evans,

The general Lover.

Let my fair - one only be
 Female sex, and she's for me:
 I can love her, fair or brown,
 Of the country, or the town:
 I can love her rich or poor,
 Or her wealth, or face adore.
 Be she dull, or be she gay,
 Haunting church, or haunting play,
 I her piety admire,
 Or her brisk coquetting fire,

*) When the late Duchess of Marlborough offer'd
 a considerable reward to him, that should write
 the best Epitaph on the Duke, Dr. Evans of
 Oxford, by way of humour, sent her those lines.

I an equal flame can find
For the coy or coming kind;
If kind, it wou'd ungen'rous be,
Not to love her, that loves me:
If coy, it wou'd injustice prove,
So much virtue not to love.
Be she fickle, so am I;
Each will have their liberty:
Should she be a constant dame,
It will shew, how true her flame,
Be she tall, I like her mien,
Stalking nobly like a queen,
If a little tiny thing,
Like fairy frisking in a ring,
Wisdom, it hath been confest,
Of all ills to chose the least.
Let the fair - one only be
Female sex, and she's for me.

She, who cannot credit give,
Such a lover e'er can live,
Tell it to the wond'ring fair,
I this moment sigh for her,
Sigh for her, whoe'er she be;
If woman, that's enough for me.

The frank Lover.

Not, Chloe, that I'm more sincere,
Or am less apt to rove,
That I a heart so constant bear,
So faithful in its love.
Indeed, my Chloe, like the rest
From fair to fair I'd range,
But that it's more my interest,
Still to love on, than change.
All charms, which others recommend,
In thee alone I find;
Beauty and temper kindly blend,
The handsome and the kind.
'Then why should I inconstant prove?
Why other nymphs pursue?
When here I have all, I cou'd love,
'Tis prudence, to be true.

G r a c e.

Ye beaux esprits, say, what is Grace?
Dwells it in motion, shape or face?
Or is it all the three combin'd,
Guided and soften'd by the mind?

Where it is not, all eyes may see,
 But where it is, all hearts agree.
 'Tis there, when easy in its state,
 The mind is elegantly great,
 Where looks give speech to every feature,
 The sweetest eloquence of nature,
 A harmony of thought and motion,
 To which at once we pay devotion.
 But where to find this nonpareil?
 Where does this female wonder dwell,
 Who can at will our hearts command?
 Behold in public — *Cumberland!*

Garrick.

Verses, sent home with a young Lady's
 repeating watch.

Go, go, you little tattler, go,
 And dangle by her side,
 Thou emblem of a modern beau
 In all his glitt'ring pride!
 When in her bed you hang in air,
 And measure out dull time,
 Say, joy and love should be her care,
 Now beauty's in its prime.

When first she wakes at Jenny's knock,
 (Then thoughts are frank and free)
 Tell her, instead of what's o'clock,
 'Tis time, to think of me.
 Tell her — a lover in her arms,
 His pulse would beat as true,
 His heart would spring with love's alarms,
 And vib'rate quick, as you.

S o l i t u d e. *)

What are the falling rills, the pendant shades,
 The morning bow'rs, the evening colonnades,
 But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind,
 To sigh unheard in to the passing wind?
 Lo! the struck deer in some sequester'd part
 Lies down to die, the arrow in his heart:
 There, hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
 Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

Pope.

*) On reading a poem, entitled: A Fit of the Spleen
 by Dr. Ibbott.

Hogarths Epitaph. *)

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
 Who reach'd the noblest point of art,
 Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
 And thro' the eye correct the heart!

If thou hast Genius, reader, stay:
 If nature touch thee, drop a tear.
 If neither move thee, turn away;
 For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

Song for the Free - Masons.

Let Masonry from pole to pole
 Her sacred laws expand,
 Far, as the mighty waters roll,
 To wash remotest land!
 That virtue has not left mankind,
 Her social maxims prove;

*) A very elegant Mausoleum is erected in Chiswick church-yard to the memory of Mr. Wm. Hogarth, one front of which has the following Epitaph.

For stamp'd upon the Mason's mind
Are unity and love.

Ascending to her native sky

Let Masonry increase !

A glorious pillar, rais'd on high ,

Integrity its base !

Peace adds to olive - boughs , entwined ,

An emblematic dove ,

As stamp'd upon the Mason's mind

Are unity and love.

Cunningham.

Cupid's Revenge, an old Ballad. *)

A king once reign'd beyond the seas ,

As we in ancient storys find ,

Whom no fair face could ever please ;

He cared not for womankind.

He despis'd the sweetest beauty ,

And the greatest fortune too :

At length he married a beggar.

See , what Cupid's darts can do !

*) Collection of old Ballads. 3. ed. vol. I. p. 141.

Grey's notes upon Shak. vol. II. p. 269.

The blind boy, that shoots so trim,
 Did to his closet window steal,

.

And made him soon his power feel.
 He, that never cared for woman,
 But did females ever hate,
 At length was smitten, wounded, swooned
 For a beggar at his gate.

For mark, what happen'd on a day:
 As he look'd from his window high,
 He spy'd a beggar all in grey,
 With two more in her company.

She his fancy soon inflamed,
 And his heart was grieved sore:
 What, must I have her, court her, crave her,
 I, that never lov'd before?
 Ne'er was monarch so surprized.

Here I lie her captive slave:
 But I'll to her, court her, woe her;
 She must heal the wound, she gave.

'Then to his palace - gate he goes:
 The beggars crave his charity.
 A purse of gold to them he throws:

With thankful hearts away the hye.
 But the king he call'd her to him,
 Though she was but poor and mean:

His hand did hold her, while he told her,
She should be his stately queen.
At this she blushed scarlet red,
And on this mighty king d d gaze,
When strait again, as pale as lead,
Alas! she was in such a maze.
Hand in hand they walk'd together,
And the king did kindly say,
That he'd respect her. Strait they deck'd her
In most sumptuous rich array.
He did appoint the wedding - day,
And likewise then commanded strait,
The noble lords and ladies gay
Upon his gracious queen to wait.
She appear'd a splendid beauty:
All the court did her adore,
And in marriage, with a carriage,
As if she had been queen before.
Her fame through all the realm did ring,
Although she came of parents poor.
She by her sovereign lord the king
Did bear one son and eke no more.
At length the king and queen were laid
Together in a silent tomb:
Their royal son their sceptre sway'd,
Who govern'd in his father's room.

Long in glory they did flourish ,
 Wealth and honour to increase ,
 Still possessing such a blessing ,
 That he liv'd and reign'd in peace.

Verses, addressed to a disconsolate widow
 by a female friend. *)

All your dismal looks and fretting
 Cannot Harry's life restore ;
 Long ago the worms have eat him :
 You can never see him more.

Once again consult your toilet ,
 In the glass your face review ;
 So much weeping soon will spoil it ,
 And no spring your charms renew.

All the morals , that they tell us ,
 Never cur'd the vapours yet :
 Chuse among the pretty fellows
 One of parts and youth and wit.

*) Coventg. Mag. March. 1773.

Prythee, try him ev'ry morning

At the least an hour or two,
Once again at night returning,
And I trust, the dose will do.

Epistle from the King of Prussia to Mr.
Voltaire 1757. Translated into English.

Voltaire, believe me, were I now
In private life's calm station plac'd,
Let heav'n for nature's wants allow,
With cold indiff'rence would I view
Changing fortune's winged haste,
And laugh at her caprice like you.

Croyez, que, si j'étois Voltaire,
En particulier aujourd'hui
Me contentant du nécessaire,
Je verrois envoler la fortune légère,
Et m'en mocquerois comme lui.
Je connois l'ennui des grandeurs,
Le fardeau des devoirs, le jargon des flatteurs,
Ces misères de toute espèce,

'Th' insipid farce of tedious state ,
 Imperial duty's rial weight ,
 The faithless courtier's supple bow ,
 The fickle multitude's caress
 And the great vulgar's littleness
 By long experience well I know ,
 And , though a Prince and Poet born ,
 Vain blandishments of glory scorn ;

O 2

Et ces dehors de politesse ,
 Dont il faut s'occuper dans le sein des grandeurs.
 Je méprise la vaine gloire ,
 Quoique Poëte et Souverain ;
 Quand du ciseau fatal retranchant mon destin ,
 Atropos m'aura vu plongé dans la nuit noire ,
 Qu'importe l'honneur incertain ,
 De vivre apres ma mort au temple de Memoire ?
 Un instant de bonheur vaut mille ans dans l'histoire.

Nos destins sont - ils donc si beaux ?
 Le doux plaisir et la mollesse ,
 La vive et naïve allegresse
 Ont toujours fui des grands la pourpre et les
 faisceaux ;

For when the ruthless shears of fate
 Have cut my life's precarious thread,
 And rank'd me with th' unconscious dead,
 What will't avail, that I was great,
 Or that th' uncertain tongue of fame
 In mem'ry's temple chaunts my name?
 One blissful moment, whilst we live,
 Weighs more, than ages of renown.

Né pour la liberté, leur troupe enchanteresse
 Préfère l'aimable paresse
 Aux austères devoirs, guides de nos travaux.
 Aussi la fortune volage
 N'a jamais causé mes ennuis :
 Soit qu'elle m'agace, ou qu'elle m'outrage,
 Je dormirai toutes les nuits,
 En lui refusant mon hommage.
 Mais notre état nous fait la loi,
 Il nous oblige, il nous engage,
 A mesurer notre courage
 Sur ce, qu'exige notre emploi.
 Voltaire dans son hermitage
 Dans un pais, dont l'héritage,
 Est son antique bonne foi,
 Peut s'addonner en paix à la vertu du sage,

What then do Potentates receive
 Of good, peculiarly their own?
 Sweet ease and unaffected joy,
 Domestic peace and sportive pleasure
 The regal throne and palace fly,
 And, born for liberty, prefer
 Soft silent scenes of lovely leisure
 To, what we Monarchs buy so dear,
 The thorny pomp of scepter'd care.
 My pain or bliss shall ne'er depend
 On fickle fortune's casual flight;
 For whether she's my foe or friend,
 In calm repose I'll pass the night,
 And ne'er by watchful homage own,
 I court her smile, or fear her frown.
 But from our station we derive
 Unerring precepts, how to live,
 And certain deeds each rank calls forth,
 By which is measur'd human worth.

O 3

Dont Platon nous marque la loi :
 Pour moi, menacé du naufrage,
 Je dois, en affrontant l'orage,
 Penser, vivre et mourir en Roi.

Voltaire within his private cell
 In realms, where ancient honesty
 Is patrimonial property,
 And sacred freedom loves to dwell,
 May give up all his peaceful mind,
 Guided by Plato's deathless page,
 In silent solitude resign'd,
 To the mild virtues of a sage:
 But I, 'gainst whom wild whirlwinds wage
 Fierce war with wreck - denouncing wing,
 Must be, to face the tempest's rage,
 In thought, in life, in death a king.

Cooper.

Ode for Colley Cibber the Laureat,
 written, when the late Prince of Wales
 was alive.

I Colley Cibber, right or wrong,
 Must celebrate this day,
 And tune once more my tuneless song,
 And strum the venal lay.

Heaven spread through all the family
 That broad illustrious glare,

That shines so flat in ev'ry eye,
And makes them all so stare,

Heaven send the prince of royal race
A little whore and horse
A little meaning in his face,
And money in his purse,

And, as I have a son like you,
May he Parnassus rule!

So shall the crown and laurel too
Descend from fool to fool,

Chesterfield.

The Queen of beauty.

The diamond's and the ruby's blaze
Dispute the palm with beauty's queen:
Not beauty's queen commands such praise,
Devoid of virtue, if she's seen.

But the soft tear in pity's eye
Outshines the diamond's brightest beams,
But the sweet blush of modesty
More beauteous than the ruby seems.

Complaint of a Lady. *)

Custom, alas! doth partial prove,
Nor gives us even measure;
A pain it is for maids to love,
And 'tis for men a pleasure:
'They freely can their thoughts explain,
But ours must burn within;
We have got tongues and eyes invain,
And truth from us is fin.
Then equal laws let justice find,
Nor either sex oppress:
More freedom give to womankind,
And give to mankind less.

The Sparrow and the Dove, a Fable.

It was, as learn'd traditions say,
Upon an April's blithsome day,
When pleasure, ever on the wing,
Return'd, companion of the spring,
And chear'd the birds with am'rous heat,
Instructing little hearts to beat,

*) Grey's notes upon Shak. p. 55.

A sparrow, frolic, gay and young,
Of bold address and flippant tongue,
Just left his lady of a night,
Like him, to follow new delight.

The youth, of many a conquest vain,
Flew off, to seek the chirping train:
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a saucy ease bow'd round.

For every she his bosom burns,
And this and that he woos by turns,
And here a sigh, and there a bill,
And here — those eyes, so form'd to kill,
And now with ready tongue he strings
Unmeaning, soft, resifless things,
With vows, and damm - me's skill'd to woo,
As other pretty fellows do.
Not that he thought this short essay
A prologue needful to his play:
No, trust me, says our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous sex much better.
But these he held as specious arts,
To shew his own superior parts,
The form of decency to shield,
And give a just pretence to yield.

Thus finishing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fav'rite of a day,

With careless impudence drew near,
 And whisper'd Hebrew in her ear,
 A hint, which, like the Mason's sign,
 The conscious can alone divine.

'The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
 Cry'd, Sir! — pray Sir, explain your meaning!
 Go, prate to those, that may endure ye —
 To me 'tis rudeness — I'll assure ye —
 Then off she glided, like a swallow,
 As saying — you guess, where to follow.

To such, as know the party set,
 'Tis needless to declare, they met:
 The parson's barn, as authors mention,
 Confess'd, the fair had apprehension,
 Her honour there secure from stain,
 She held all farther trifling vain,
 No more affected to be coy,
 But rush'd licentious on the joy.

„ Hift, love! - - the male companion cry'd,
 Retire a while, I fear, we're spy'd. “
 Nor was the caution vain; he saw
 A turtle, rustling in the straw,
 While o'er her callow brood she hung,
 And fondly thus address'd her young:

„ Ye tender objects of my care!
 Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair!

Anon he comes, your gentle fire,
 And brings you all, your hearts require.
 For us, his infants and his bride,
 For us, with only love to guide,
 Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
 And, like a lion, dares to bleed:
 Nor yet by wint'ry skies confin'd,
 He mounts upon the rudest wind,
 From danger tears the vital spoil,
 And with affection sweetens toil.

Ah, cease, too vent'rous! cease to dare!
 In thine our dearer safety spare!
 From him, ye cruel falcons, stray,
 And turn, ye fowlers, far away!

Should I survive, to see the day,
 That tears me from myself away,
 That cancels all, that heav'n could give,
 The life, by which alone I live,
 Alas, how more than lost were I,
 Who in the thought already die! "

Ye pow'rs, whom men and birds obey,
 Great rulers of your creatures, say,
 Why mourning comes, by bliss convey'd,
 And ev'n the sweets of love allay'd?
 Where grows enjoyment, tall and fair,
 Around it twines entangling care,

While fear, for what our souls possess,
 Enervates ev'ry pow'r to bless:
 Yet friendship forms the bliss above,
 And, life! what art thou without love?

Our hero, who had hear'd apart,
 Felt something moving in his heart,
 But quickly with disdain suppress'd
 The virtue, rising in his breast,
 And first he feign'd to laugh aloud,
 And next, approaching, smil'd and bow'd.

„Madam, you must not think me rude:
 Good manners never can intrude.
 I vow, I come thro' pure good nature —
 (Upon my soul, a charming creature!)
 Are these the comforts of a wife?
 This careful, cloistered, moaping life?
 No doubt, that odious thing, call'd duty,
 Is a sweet province for a beauty.
 Thou pretty ignorance! thy will
 Is measur'd to thy want of skill;
 That good old - fashion'd dame, thy mother,
 Has taught thy infant years no other. —
 The greatest ill in the creation
 Is sure the want of education.

But think ye? — tell me without feigning,
 Have all these charms no farther meaning?

Dame nature, if you don't forget her,
 Might teach your Ladyship much better.
 For shame, reject this mean employment:
 Enter the world, and taste enjoyment,
 Where time by circling bliss we measure;
 Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure.
 Come, prove the blessing, follow me,
 Be wise, be happy, and be free! "

„ Kind Sir, reply'd our matron chaste,
 Your zeal seems pretty much in haste:
 I own, the fondness, to be bless'd,
 Is a deep thirst in every breast.
 Of blessings too I have my store,
 Yet quarrel not, should heav'n give more:
 Then prove the change, to be expedient,
 And think me, Sir, your most obedient. "

Here turning, as to one inferior,
 Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superior.
 „ Methinks, to quit your boasted station,
 Requires a world of hesitation;
 Where brats and bonds are held a blessing,
 The case, I doubt, is past redressing.
 Why, child! suppose, the joys, I mention,
 Were the mere fruits of my invention,
 You've cause sufficient for your carriage,
 In flying from the curse of marriage;

That fly decoy with vary'd snares,
That takes your widgeons in by pairs,
Alike to husband and to wife,
The cure of love and bane of life,
The only method of forecasting,
To make misfortune firm and lasting,
The sin, by heaven's peculiar sentence
Unpardon'd thro' a life's repentance.
It is the double snake, that weds
A common tail to different heads,
That lead the carcase still astray,
By dragging each a different way.
Of all the ills, that may attend me,
From marriage, mighty gods, defend me!
Give me frank nature's wild demesne,
And boundless tract of air serene,
Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,
Delights to sport, delights to range!
There, liberty! to thee is owing,
Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing:
Delights still vary'd and divine,
Sweet goddess, of the hills are thine.
What say you now, you pretty pink you?
Have I for once spoke reason, think you?
You take me now for no romancer —
Come, never study for an answer:

Away cast every care behind ye,
And fly, where joy alone shall find ye!“

„Soft yet, return'd our female fencer
A question more, or so — — and then, Sir.
You've rally'd me with sense exceeding,
With much fine wit and better breeding:
But pray, Sir, how to you contrive it?
Do those of your world never wive it?“

„No, No.“ „Now then?“ „Why dare I tell,
„What does the bus'ness full as well?“
„Do you ne'er love?“ „An hour at leisure.“
„Have you no friendships?“ „Yes, for pleasure.“
„No care for little ones?“ „We get 'em:
„The rest the mothers mind, and let 'em.“

„Thou wretch, rejoin'd the kindling dove,
Quite lost to life, as lost to love!
Whene'er misfortune comes, how just!
And come misfortune surely must.
In the dread season of dismay,
In that your hour of trial, say,
Who then shall prop your sinking heart?
Who bear affliction's weightier part?
Say, when the black - brow'd welken bends,
And winter's gloomy form impends,
'To mourning turns all transient cheer,
And blasts the melancholy year,

(For times, at no persuasion, stay,
Nor vice can find perpetual May)
Then where's that tongue, by folly fed,
That soul of pertness, whither fled?
All shrunk within thy lonely nest,
Forlorn, abandon'd and unblest'd,
No friends, by cordial bonds ally'd,
Shall seek thy cold, unsocial side,
No chirping prattlers to delight
Shall turn the long enduring night,
No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her constant heart.
Freedom, restrain'd by reason's force,
Is as the sun's unvarying course,
Benignly active, sweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light,
But torn from virtue's sacred rules,
Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,
Foreboding cares and storms and strife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.

Thou fool! by union every creature
Subsists through universal nature,
And this to beings void of mind
Is wedlock of a meaner kind.

While womb'd in space, primaeval clay
A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,

The source of endless good above
 Shot down his spark of kindling love.
 Touch'd by the all - enlivening flame,
 Then motion first exulting came :
 Each atom fought its separate class
 Through many a fair, enamour'd mass :
 Love cast the central charm around,
 And with eternal nuptials bound.
 Then form and order o'er the sky
 First train'd their bridal pomp on high :
 The sun display'd his orb to fight,
 And burnt with hymeneal light.

Hence nature's virgin womb conceiv'd,
 And with the genial burden heav'd :
 Forth came the oak, her first - born heir,
 And scal'd the breathing steep of air :
 Then infant stems of various use
 Imbib'd her soft maternal juice :
 The flow'rs, in early bloom disclos'd,
 Upon her fragrant breast repos'd :
 Within her warm embraces grew
 A race of endless form and hue :
 Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,
 And fondly cloath'd their parent ground.
 Nor here alone the virtue reign'd
 By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd :

But thence subliming and refin'd,
Aspir'd and reach'd its kindred mind.
Caught in the fond, celestial fire,
The mind perceiv'd unknown desire,
And now with kind effusion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardours glow'd,
Beheld the sympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own resemblance there,
On all with circling radiance shone,
But cent'ring, fix'd on one alone,
'There clasp'd the heav'n - appointed wife,
And doubled every joy of life.

Here, ever blessing, ever blest'd,
Resides this beauty of the breast,
As from his palace here the god
Still beams effulgent bliss abroad,
Here gems his own eternal round,
'The ring, by which the world is bound,
Here bids his seat of empire grow,
And builds his little heav'n below.

'The bridal partners thus ally'd,
And thus in sweet accordance ty'd,
One body, heart and spirit live,
Enrich'd by every joy, they give,
Like echo from her vocal hold,
Return'd in music twenty - fold.

Their union, firm and undecay'd,
 Nor time can shake, nor pow'r invade,
 But, as the stem and scion stand,
 Incrafted by a skillful hand,
 They check the tempest's wintry rage,
 And bloom, and strengthen into age.
 A thousand amities unknown,
 And pow'rs, perceiv'd by love alone,
 Endearing looks and chaste desire
 Fan and support the mutual fire,
 Whose flame, perpetual, as refin'd,
 Is fed by an immortal mind.

Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends:
 Like Nile it opens and descends,
 Which, by apparent windlings led,
 We trace to its celestial head.
 The fire, first springing from above,
 Becomes the source of life and love,
 And gives his filial heir, to flow
 In fondness down on sons below:
 Thus roll'd in one continu'd tide,
 To time's extremest verge they glide,
 While kindred streams on either hand
 Branch forth in blessings o'er the land.

Thee, wretch! no lisping babe shall name,
 No late - returning brother claim,

No kinsman on thy road rejoice,
No sister greet thy ent'ring voice,
With partial eyes no parents see,
And bless their years, restor'd in thee.

In age rejected or declin'd,
An alien ev'n among thy kind,
The partner of thy scorn'd embrace
Shall play the wanton in thy face,
Each spark unplume thy little pride,
All friendship fly thy faithless side,
Thy name shall like thy carcass rot,
In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.

All - giving pow'r! great source of life!
O hear the parent! hear the wife!
That life, thou lendest from above,
Though little, make it large in love!
O bid my feeling heart expand
To ev'ry claim on ev'ry hand,
To those, from whom my days I drew,
To these, in whom those days renew,
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth, as blood ally'd,
To friends, with steely fetters twin'd,
And to the cruel, not unkind!

But chief the lord of my desire,
My life, my self, my soul, my fire,

Friends, children, all, that wish can claim,
 Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name,
 O spare him, spare him, gracious pow'r!
 O give him to my latest hour!
 Let me my length of life employ,
 To give my sole enjoyment joy!
 His love let mutual love excite,
 Turn all my cares to his delight,
 And every needless blessing spare,
 Wherein my darling wants a share,
 When he with graceful action wooes,
 And sweetly bills, and fondly cooes!
 Ah! deck me to his eyes alone
 With charms attractive as his own,
 And in my circling wings carefs'd,
 Give all the lover to my breast!
 Then in our chaste, connubial bed
 My bosom pillow'd for his head,
 His eyes with blissful slumber close,
 And watch with me my lord's repose,
 Your peace around his temples twine,
 And love him with a love like mine!

And, for I know his gen'rous flame
 Beyond, whate'er my sex can claim,
 Me too to your protection take,
 And spare me for my husband's sake,

Let one unruffled, calm delight
The loving and belov'd unite,
One pure desire our bosoms warm,
One will direct, one wish inform,
Through life one mutual aid sustain,
In death one peaceful grave contain. “

While, swelling with the darling theme,
Her accents pour'd, and endless stream,
The well-known wings a sound impart,
That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart:
Quick drop'd the music of her tongue,
And forth with eager joy she sprung.
As swift her ent'ring consort flew,
And plum'd, and kindled at the view,
Their wings their souls embracing meet,
Their hearts with answering measure beat,
Half lost in sacred sweets, and bless'd
With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.
Strait to her humble roof she led
The partner of her spotless bed.
Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise:
Their welcome sparkling in their eyes,
Transported, to their fire they bound,
And hang with speechless action round.
In pleasure wrapt, the parents stand,
And see their little wings expand:

The fire, his life - sustaining prize
 To each expecting bill applies,
 There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
 With transport giv'n, tho' won with toil,
 While, all collected at the fight,
 And silent through supreme delight,
 The fair high heav'n of bliss beguiles,
 And on her lord and infants smiles.

The sparrow, whose attention hung
 Upon the dove's enchanting tongue,
 Of all his little slights disarm'd,
 And from himself by virtue charm'd,
 When now he saw, what only seem'd
 A fact, so late a fable deem'd,
 His soul to envy he resign'd,
 His hours of folly to the wind,
 In secret wish'd a turtle too,
 And sighing to himself, withdrew.

Brooke.

O w n M e r i t.

Jack his own merit sees. This gives him pride,
 That he sees more, than all the world beside.

A logical definition of an Epigram.

An Epigram is — is — 'tis plain
 And obvious, what it is :
 This is an Epigram ; so then
 An Epigram is this.

On a Gentleman, who spent his whole
 fortune in horse - racing.

John ran so long, and ran so fast,
 No wonder he ran out at last :
 He ran in debt, and then, to pay,
 He distanc'd all, and ran away.

Quin's Soliloquy on seeing Duke Hum-
 phrey at St. Albans.

A plague on Egypt's arts, I say.
 Embalm the dead ! on senseless clay
 Rich wine and spices waste !
 Like sturgeon or like brawn, shall I
 Bound in a precious pickle lie,
 Which I can never taste ?

Let me embalm this flesh of mine
 With turtle - fat and Bourdeaux - wine ,
 And spoil th' Egyptian trade !
 Than Humphrey's Duke more happy I —
 Embalm'd alive , old Quin shall die
 A mummy ready made.

On finding his Mistress inconstant.

'Tis not , that I am weary grown
 Of being yours , and yours alone :
 But with what face can I incline ,
 To damn you , to be only mine ,
 You , whom some kinder pow'r did fashion
 By merit and by inclination
 The joy at least of whole a nation ?

Let meaner spirits of your sex
 With humble aims their thoughts perplex ,
 And boast , if by their arts they can
 Contrive , to make one happy man ,
 While , mov'd by an impartial sense ,
 Favours , like nature , you dispense
 With universal influence.

See, the kind feed - receiving earth
 To every grain affords a birth.
 On her no show'rs unwelcome fall:
 Her willing womb retains 'em all,
 And shall my Celia be confin'd?
 No, live up to thy mighty mind,
 And be the mistress of mankind.

Rochester.

S y l v i a. *)

Were I invited to a nectar - feast
 In heav'n, and Venus nam'd me for her guest,
 Though Mercury the messenger should prove,
 Or her own son, the mighty god of love,
 At the same instant let but honest Tom
 From Sylvia's dear terrestrial lodging come,
 With look important say: desires at three —
 Alone — your company — to drink some tea;
 Though Tom were mortal, Mercury divine,
 Though Sylvia gave me water, Venus wine,
 Though heav'n were here, and Bow-street lay as far,

*) By the author of the fair Circassian and the
 song: Waft me some soft and cooling breeze.

As the vast distance of the utmost star,
 To Sylvia's arms with all my strength I'd fly:
 Let, who wou'd, meet the beauty of the sky!

The first of April, an Ode.

With dalliance rude young Zephyr woos
 Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse
 The boisterous boy the fair denies,
 Or with a scornful smile complies.

Mindful of disaster past,
 And shrinking at the northern blast,
 The sleety storm returning still,
 The morning hoar, and evening chill,
 Reluctant comes the timid spring.
 Scarce a bee with airy ring
 Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
 That cloath the garden's southern bound:
 Scarce a sickly straggling flower
 Decks the rough castle's rifted tower:
 Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
 From the dark dell's intangled steeps.
 O'er the field of waving broom
 Slowly shoots the golden bloom,
 And but by fits the furze - clad dale

Tinctures the transitory gale,
While from the shrubbery's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest brodery shone,
Every chequer'd charm is flown,
Save, that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new - born ranks expand :
The fresh - turn'd soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades :
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge :
On to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green :
From the grey moor on feeble wing
The screaming plovers idly spring :
The butter fly, gay - painted soon,
Explores a while the tepid noon,
And fondly trusts its tender dies
To fickle funs and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,

Mute on a sudden is the larke :
But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl - besprinkled plain ,
And from behind his watery veil
Looks throug the thin - descending hail ,
She mounts , and , lessening to the sight ,
Salutes the blythe return of light ,
And high her tuneful track pursues
Mid the dim rainbow's scatterd hues.

Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks inclose
The moat of yonder antique hall ,
Swarm lusty rooks with clamorous call ,
And , to the toils of nature true ,
Wreath their capacious nests anew.

Musing through the lawny park ,
The lonely poet loves to mark ,
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groupes of various trees ,
While , careless of the changing year ,
The pine caerulean , never fear ,
Towers distinguish'd from the rest ,
And proudly vaunts her winter - vest.

Within some whispering oser - isle ,
Where Glim's low banks neglected smile ,
And each trim meadow still retains

The wintry torrent's oozy stains,
Beneath a willow, long forlook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook,
And startles from their sedge - wove wood
The bashful wild - duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs a novel race
Frisk the lambs with faltering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The fofs, that skirts the bacon'd hill.

His free - born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Basking beneath the moontide - ray,
And stretch'd among the daisies pide
Of a green dingle's sloping side,
While far beneath, where nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,
In loose luxuriance taught to stray,
A thousand tumbling rills inlay
With silver veins the vale, or pass
Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet in these presages rude
Midst lier penfive solitude
Fancy with prophetic glance
Sees the teeming months advance,
The field, the forest green and gay,

The dappled slope, the tedded hay,
 Sees the reddening orchard blow,
 The harvest wave, the vintage flow,
 Sees June unfold his glossy robe
 Of thousand hues o'er all the globe,
 Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
 And plenty load her ample horn.

Warton.

O f C i n n a.

Poor Cinna keeps his wife a maiden - cook
 With blushing cheeks, brown locks and chearful
 look :

What might he mean by this? I hold my life,
 She dresses flesh for him, not for his wife.

Harrington.

On the Dutchess of Mazarin's retiring
 into a convent.

Ye holy cares, that haunt these lonely cells,
 These scenes, where salutary sadness dwells,
 Ye sighs, that minute the slow wasting day,

Ye pale regrets, that wear my life away,
 O bid these passions for the world depart,
 These wild desires and vanities of heart!
 Hide every trace of vice, of follies past,
 And yield to heaven the victory at last!

To that the poor remains of life are due
 'Tis heaven, that calls, and I the call pursue.
 Lord of my life, my future cares are thine,
 My love, my duty greet thy holy shrine:
 No more my heart to vainer hopes I give,
 But live for thee, whose bounty bids me live.

The power, that gave these little charms their
 grace,
 His favours bounded, and confin'd their space.
 Spite of those charms shall time with rude essay
 Tear from the cheek the transient rose away:
 But the free mind, ten thousand ages past,
 Its Maker's form, shall with its Maker last.

Uncertain objects still our hopes employ;
 Uncertain all, that bears the name of joy!
 Of all, that feels the injuries of fate,
 Uncertain is the search, and short the date,

Yet

Yet ev'n that boon, what thousands wish to gain,
That boon of death, the sad resource of pain!

Once on my path all fortune's glory fell,
Her vain magnificence and courtly swell:
Love touch'd my soul at least with soft desires,
And vanity there fed her meteor - fires.
This truth at last the mighty scenes let fall,
An hour of innocence was worth them all.

Lord of my life, o let thy sacred ray
Shine o'er my heart, and break its clouds away!
Deluding, flatt'ring, faithless world, adieu!
Long hast thou taught me, God is only true.
That God alone I trust, alone adore,
No more deluded now, and missed no more.

Come, sacred hour, when wav'ring doubts shall
cease!

Come, holy scenes of long repose and peace!
Yet shall my heart, to other interests true,
A moment balance 'twixt the world and you?
Of pensive nights, of long - reflecting days
Be yours at last the triumph and the praise!

Great gracious Master! whose unbounded sway,
Felt thro' ten thousand worlds, those worlds obey,
Wilt thou for once thy awful glories shade,
And deign t' espouse the creature, thou hast made?
All other ties indignant I disclaim,
Dishonour'd those and infamous to name!

O fatal ties, for which such tears I've shed,
For which the pleasures of the world lay dead!
That world's soft pleasures you alone disarm,
That world without you still might have its charm!
But now those scenes of tempting hope I close,
And seek the peaceful studies of repose,
Look on the past, as time, that stole away,
And beg the blessings of a happier day.

Ye gay saloons, ye golden-vested halls,
Scenes of high treats and heart-bewitching balls,
Dress, figure, splendor, charms of play, farewell,
And all the toilet's science, to excell!
Ev'n love, that ambush'd in this beauteous hair,
No more shall lie, like Indian archers, there.
Go, erring love, for nobler objects given!
Go, beauteous hair, a sacrifice to heaven!

Soon shall the veil these glowing features hide,
 At once the period of their power and pride!
 The hapless lover shall no more complain
 Of vows unheard, or unrewarded pain,
 While calmly sleep in each untortur'd breast
 My secret sorrow, and his sighs profess.

Go, flattering train, and, slaves to me no more,
 With the some sighs some happier fair adore!
 Your alter'd faith I blame not, nor bewail —
 And haply yet (what woman is not frail?)
 Yet haply, might I calmer minutes prove,
 If he, that lov'd me, knew no other love!

Yet were that ardor, which his breast inspir'd,
 By charms of more than mortal beauty fir'd,
 What nobler pride! could I to heaven resign
 The zeal, the service, that I boasted mine!
 O change your false desires, ye flatt'ring train,
 And love me pious, whom ye love profane!

These long adieus with lovers, doom'd to go,
 Or prove their merit, or my weakness shew:
 But heaven, to such soft frailties less severe,
 May spare the tribute of a female tear,

May yield one tender moment, to deplore
Those gentle hearts, that I must hold no more.

J. Langhorne.

T h e W i s h .

How short is life's uncertain space!

Alas! how quickly done!

How swift the wild precarious chace!

And yet how difficult the race!

How very hard to run!

Youth stops at first its wilful ears

To wisdom's prudent voice,

Till now, arriv'd to riper years,

Experienc'd age, worn out with cares,

Repents its earlier choice.

What, though its prospects now appear

So pleasing and refin'd,

Yet groundless hope and anxious fear

By turns the busy moments share,

And prey upon the mind.

Since then false joys our fancy cheat

With hope of real bliss,

Ye guardian pow'rs, that rule my fate,

The only wish, that I create,
 Is all compriz'd in this.
 May I through life's uncertain tide,
 Be still from pain exempt,
 May all my wants be still supply'd,
 My state too low, t' admit of pride,
 And yet above contempt!
 But should your providence divine
 A greater bliss intend,
 May all those blessings, you design,
 (If e'er those blessings shall be mine)
 Be center'd in a friend!

Merrick.

Verses to the Ladies.

Wife and servant are the same:
 They only differ in the name;
 For when that fatal knot is ty'd,
 Which nought but death can e'er divide,
 When she the word: obey, has said,
 And man by law supreme is made,
 Then all, that's kind, is laid aside,
 And nothing's left but state and pride.
 Fierce as an eastern prince he grows,

And all his innate rigour shows.
 Then but to look, to laugh, or speak
 Will the nuptial contract break.
 Like mutes she signs alone must make,
 And never any freedom take,
 But still be govern'd by a nod,
 And fear her husband as her God,
 Him still must serve, him still obey,
 And nothing act, and nothing say,
 But what her haughty lord thinks fit,
 Who with the pow'r has all the wit.
 Then shun, oh! shun that wretched state,
 And all the fawning flatt'ers hate.
 Value yourselves, and men despise;
 You must be proud, if you'll be wise.

*Lady Chudleigh. *)*

To a Lady, half masking herself, when
 she smiled.

So, when the sun with his meridian light
 Too fiercely darts upon our feeble sight,

*) Grand - mother to the present Dutchess of Kings-
 ton.

We thank th' officious cloud, by whose kind aid
We view his glory soften'd by a shade.

Epigram, made after Barry's first appearance in the character of Lear.

The town hath found two different ways,
To praise the diff'rent Lears.
To Barry it gives loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears.

To a Robin Redbreast.

Dear social bird, that giv'st with fearless love
Thy tender form to man's protecting care,
Pleas'd, when rude tempests vex the ruffled air,
For the warm roof to leave the naked grove!

Kindest and last of Summer's tuneful train!
Ah! do not yet give o'er thy plaintif lay,
But charm soft Zephyr to a longer stay,
And oft renew thy sweetly parting strain!

So, when rough winter frowns with brow severe,
 And chilling blasts shall strip the shelt'ring trees,
 When meagre want thy shiv'ring frame shall seize,
 And death, with dart uplifted, hover near,
 My grateful hands the lib'ral crumbs shall give,
 My bosom warm thee, and my kiss revive.

*Mrs. Chapone. *)*

Description of a modern headdress.

A cap like a bat,
 Which was once a cravat,
 Part gracefully platted and pinn'd is,
 Part stuck upon gauze,
 Resembles Mackaws
 And all the fine birds of the Indies.

 But above all the rest
 A bold Amazon's crest
 Waves nodding from shoulder to shoulder,
 At once to surprize
 And to ravish all eyes,
 To brighten and charm the beholder.

*) Miscellanies in Prose and Verse by Mrs. Chapone. 8. 1775. Sh. 2. p. 6.

In short head and feather
 And wig alltogether
 With wonder and joy would delight ye,
 Like the picture, I've seen
 Of th' adorable queen
 Of the beautiful blest Otaheite.

Yet Miss at the rooms
 Must beware of the plumes;
 For if Vulcan her feather embraces,
 Like poor Lady Laycock
 She'll burn like a haycock,
 And roast all the loves and the graces.

*Anstey. *)*

An Imitation of Horace, Book III.
 Ode 2. Angustam amice &c. to Dr. Bentley.

He, that would great in science grow,
 By whom bright virtue is ador'd,
 At first must be content, to know
 An humble roof, an homely board.

Q 5

*) The Author of the new Bath - guide, Election-
 ball and Speculation.

With want and rigid college - laws

Let him, inur'd betimes, comply :
Firm to religion's sacred cause ,
The learned combat let him try.

Let him her envied praises tell ,
And all his eloquence disclose ,
The fierce endeavours to repell,
And still the tumult of her foes.

Him, early form'd, and season'd young,
Subtle opposers soon will fear ,
And tremble at his artful tongue ,
Like Parthians at the Roman spear.

Grim death, th' inevitable lot,
Which fools and cowards strive to fly ,
Is with a noble pleasure sought
By him, who dares for truth to die.

With purest lustre of her own
Exalted virtue ever shines ,
Nor as the vulgar smile or frown
Advances now, and now declines.

A glorious and immortal prize

She on her hardy son bestows ;
 She shews him heaven , and bids him rise ,
 Though pain and toil and death oppose :
 With lab'ring flight he wings th' obstructed way ,
 Leaving both common souls and common clay.

A Reply to a copy of verses, made in
 Imitation of Book III. Ode 2. of Horace.
 Angustam amice pauperiem pati &c. to
 Mr. Titley.

Who strive , to mount Parnassus' hill ,
 And thence poetic laurels bring ,
 Must first acquire due force and skill ,
 Must fly with swan's or eagle's wing.

Who nature's treasures would explore ,
 Her mysteries and arcana know ,
 Must high , as lofty Newton , soar ,
 Must stoop , as delving Woodward , low.

Who studies ancient laws and rites ,
 Tongues , arts and arms and history ,

Must drudge, like Selden, days and nights,
And in the endless labour die.

Who travels in religions jars,
(Truth mixt with error, shade with rays)
Like Whiston, wanting pyx and stars,
In Ocean wide or finks or strays.

But grant, our heroe's hope long toil
And comprehensive genius crown,
All sciences, all arts his spoil,
Yet what reward, or what renown?

Envy, innate in vulgar souls,
Envy steps in, and stops his rise,
Envy with poison'd tarnish fouls
His lustre, and his worth decries.

He lives inglorious, or in want,
To college and old books confin'd.
Instead of learn'd, he's call'd pedant,
Dunces advanc'd, he's left behind:
Yet left content, a genuine stoic he,
Great without patron, rich without south - sea.

The little Girl.

Y^oung I am , and yet unskill'd ,
How to make a lover yield ,
How to keep , and how to gain ,
When to love , and when to feign .

Take me , take me some of you ,
While I yet am young and true ,
E'er I can my soul disguise ,
Heave my breasts , and roll my eyes .

Stay not , till I learn the way ,
How to lye and to betray :
He , that has me first , is blest ;
For I may deceive the rest .

Could I find a blooming youth ,
Full of love and full of truth ,
Brisk and of a janty mien ,
I should long , ^{to} be fifteen .

Dryden.

Rose, the flower of Venus, translated
from French.

Flow'r, that Zephyr fond caresses,
Sprung from tears, by morning shed,
Brightest flow'r, that Flora dresses,
Now thy blushing beauties spread!

Yet so soon thy glowing treasures
Flaunt not to the garrish sun!
Oh! too transient are such pleasures;
Scarce we view them, ere they're gone.

Caelia is a bud new - blooming,
Thou, like her, now boast'st thy prime:
But ere long, that prime consuming,
She, like thee, must yield to time.

Quit, o Rose, thy thorny mansion,
Gladly with the nymph abide!
O'er her bosom's fair expansion
Lavish all thy purple pride!

There, the snow - white heav'n admiring,
Breathe thy fragrant life away,

While, with jealousy expiring,
I behold thy dear decay.

Such the bliss, kind fate may give thee,
And when on her breast you die,
She with sighs shall soon revive thee,
If that breast can heave a sigh.

'Then, as partial love's revealing,
To which orb thou shalt incline,
Oh! adorn without concealing!
Oh! offend not, as you shine!

And should'st thou by some rude lover
Thence with envious rage be torn,
Let the daring wretch discover,
Vengeance lurks beneath thy thorn!

To Mr. Howard on his British Princes.

Your book our old Knight - errants fame revives,
Writ in a stile, agreeing with their lives.
All rumours strength their prowess did out - go,
All rumours skill your verses far out - do:

To praise the *Welch* the world must now combine,
 Since to their leeks you do your laurel join.
 Such lofty strains your country's story fit,
 Whose mountain nothing equals, but your wit.

Bonduca, were she such, as here we see,
 (In British paint) none could more dreadful be:
 With naked armies she encounter'd *Rome*,
 Whose strength with naked nature you o'ercome.
 Nor let small criticks blame this mighty queen,
 That in king *Arthur's* time she here is seen;
 You, that can make immortal by your song,
 May well one life four hundred years prolong.
 Thus *Virgil* bravely dar'd, for *Dido's* love
 The settled course of time and years to move.
 Though him you imitate in this alone,
 In all things else you borrow help from none.
 No antick tale of *Greece* or *Rome* you take,
 Their fables and examples you forsake:
 With true heroic glory you display
 A subject new, writ in the newest way.

Go forth, great author, for the world's delight:
 Teach it, what none e'er taught you, how to write.
 They talk strange thing, that ancient poets did,
 How trees and stones they into buildings lead.

For

For poems, to raise cities, now 'tis hard:
But yours, at least, will build half *Paul's* churchyard.

*Sprat Bishop of Rochester. *)*

The Reconcilement between Jacob Tonson and Mr. Congreve.

An Imitation of Horace, Book III. Ode IX.

Tonson.

While at my house in *Fleet - street* once you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir, time pass'd away!
While I partook your wine, your wit and mirth,
*I was the happiest creature on God's yearth. **)*

Congreve.

While in your early days of reputation
You for blue garters had not such a passion,
While yet you did not use (as now your trade is)
To drink with noble Lords, and toast their Ladies,
'Thou, Jacob Tonson, wert to my conceiving
The chearfullest, best honest fellow living.

*) The works of celebrated Authors, of whose writings there are but small remains. 2. Voll. London 1750. 8.

**) Tonson (Sen.) his dialect.

Tonson.

I'm in with Captain Vanbrugh at the present,
A most *sweet - natur'd* Gentleman, and pleasant:
He writes your comedies, draws schemes and models,
And builds Dukes' houses upon very odd hills:
For him, so much I dote on him, that I,
If I was sure to go to heaven, would die.

Congreve.

'Temple *) and Dalaval are now my party,
Men, that are *tam Mercurio* both quam Marte,
And tho' for them I shall scarce go to heaven,
Yet I can drink with them six nights in seven.

Tonson.

What, if from Van's dear arms I should retire,
And once more warm my *bunnians* **) at your fire,
If I to Bow - street should invite you home,
And set a bed up in my dining - room,
Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve, would you come?

Congreve.

'Tho' the gay sailor and the gentle knight
Were ten times more my joy and heart's delight,
'Tho' civil persons they, you ruder were,
And had more humours, than a dancing - bear,

*) Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham.

**) Jacob's term for his corns.

Yet for your sake I'd bid 'em both adieu,
And live and die, dear Cob, with only you.

Rowe.

Hymn to Cam - deo.

What potent God from Agra's orient bow'rs
Floats thro' the lucid air, whilst living flow'rs
With sunny twine the vocal arbours wreathe,
And gales enamour'd heavenly fragrance breathe?

Hail, pow'r unknown! for at thy beck

Vales and groves their bosoms deck,

And ev'ry laughing blossom dresses

With gems of dew his musky tresses.

I feel, I feel thy genial flame divine,

And hallow thee, and kiss thy shrine.

„ Knowst thou not me? “ Celestial sounds I hear!

„ Knowst thou not me? “ Ah, spare a mortal ear!

„ Behold! “ — My swimming eyes entranc'd I raise;

But oh! they shrink before th' excessive blaze.

Yes, son of Maya, yes, I know

Thy bloomy shafts and cany bow,

Cheeks with youthful glory beaming,

Locks in braids ethereal streaming,

Thy scaly standard, thy mysterious arms
And all thy pains and all thy charms.

God of each lovely sight, each lovely sound,
Soul - kindling, world - inflaming, star - yecrown'd,
Eternal *Cama*! or doth *Smara* bright,
Or proud *Ananga* give thee more delight?

Whate'er thy feat, whate'er thy name,
Seas, earth and air thy reign proclaim.
Wreathy smiles and roseate pleasures
Are thy richest, sweetest treasures.

All animals to thee their tribute bring,
And hail thee universal king.

Thy comfort mild, *Affection*, ever true,
Graces thy side, her vest of glowing hue,
And in her train twelve blooming girls advance,
Touch golden strings, and knit the mirthful dance.

Thy dreaded implements they bear,
And wave them in the scented air,
Each with pearls her neck adorning,
Brighter, than the tears of morning.

Thy crimson ensign, which before them flies,
Decks with new stars the sapphire skies.

God of the flow'ry shafts and flow'ry bow,
 Delight of all above and all below!
 Thy lov'd companion, constant from his birth,
 In heaven clep'd *Bessent*, and gay *Spring* on earth,
 Weaves thy green robe and flaunting bow'rs,
 And from thy clouds draws balmy show'rs:
 He with fresh arrows fills thy quiver,
 (Sweet the gift and sweet the giver!)
 And bids the many-plumed warbling throng
 Burst the pent blossoms with their song.

He bends the luscious cane, and twists the string
 With bees, how sweet! but ah, how keen their sting!
 He with five flowers tips thy ruthless darts,
 Which thro' five senses pierce enraptur'd hearts:
 Strong *Chumpa*, rich in od'rous gold,
 Warm *Amor*, nours'd in heav'nly mould
 Dry *Nagkeser*, in silver smiling,
 Hot *Kiticum*, our sense beguiling,
 And last, to kindle fierce the scorching flame,
 Loveshaft, which Gods bright *Bela* name.

Can men resist thy power, when *Krishen* yields,
Krishen, who still in *Matra's* holy fields
 Tunes harps immortal, and to strains divine
 Dances by moonlight with the *Gopia* nine?

But when thy daring arm untam'd
At *Mahadeo* a loveshaft aim'd ,
Heav'n shook, and, smit with stony wonder,
Told his deep dread in bursts of thunder,
Whilst on thy beauteous limbs an azure fire
Blaz'd forth, which never must expire.

O thou, for ages born, yet ever young,
For ages may thy *Bramin's* lay be sung!
And, when thy lory spreads his emnald wings,
To waft thee high above the tow'rs of kings,
Whilst o'er thy throne the moon's pale light
Pours her soft radiance thro' the night,
And to each floating cloud discovers
The haunts of blest or joyless lovers,
Thy mildest influence to thy bard impart,
To warm, but not consume his heart!

Jones.

On the Countess Dowager of ***.

Courage, dear *Moll*, and drive away despair!
Mopsa, who in her youth was scarce thought fair,
In spite of age, experience and decays
Sets up for charming in her fading days,

You'll find her somewhere in the Litany,
With pride, vain - glory and hypocrisy.

Earl of Halifax.

Of the Lady, who can sleep, when she
pleases.

No wonder, *sleep* from careful lovers flies,
To bathe himself in *Sacharissa's* eyes.
As fair *Astræa* once from earth to heav'n,
By strife and loud impiety, was driven,
So with our complaints offended and our tears,
Wise *Somnus* to that paradise repairs,
Waits on her will, and wretches does forsake,
To court the nymph, for whom those wretches wake.
More proud than *Phoebus* of his throne of gold
Is the soft God, those softer limbs to hold,
Nor would' exchange with *Jove*, to hide the skies
In darkning clouds, the pow'r, to close her eyes,
Eyes, which so far all other lights controul,
They warm our mortal parts, but these our soul.

Let her free spirit, whose unconquer'd breast
Holds such deep quiet and untroubled rest,
Know, that, tho' *Venus* and her son should spare
Her rebel heart, and never teach her care,

Yet *Hymen* may in force his vigils keep,
And for anothers joy suspend her sleep.

Waller.

To Miss Lucy F —.

Once by the Muse alone inspir'd,
I sung my am'rous strains.
No serious love my bosom fir'd:
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancy'd pains.

But Venus now, to punish me,
For having feign'd so well,
Has made my heart so fond of thee,
That not the whole Aonian quire
Can accents soft enough inspire,
Its real flame to tell.

An Elegy.

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul, to dwell with God,

Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, call'd life, which us from life doth
fever.

Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod,
But as faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and faith, who knew them best,
Thy hand - maids, clad them o'er with purple
beams

And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

Milton.

An Ode to a Gentleman on his pitching a tent in his garden.

Ah! friend, forbear, nor fright the fields
With hostile scenes of imag'd war;
Content still roves the blooming wilds,
And sheds her mildest influence there:
Ah! drive not the sweet wand'rer from her seat,
Nor with rude arts profane her latest best retreat

Are there not bowers and sylvan scenes
By nature's kind luxuriance wove?
Has Rome lost the living greens,
Which erst adorn'd her artless grove,
Where through each hallow'd haunt the poet stray'd,
And met the willing Muse, and peopled every shade?

But now no bards thy woods among
Shall wait th' inspiring Muse's call;
For though to mirth and festal song
Thy choice devotes the woven wall,
Yet what avails, that all be peace within,
If horror guard the gate, and scare us from the scene?

'Tis true, of old the patriarch spread
His happier tents, which knew not war,
And chang'd at will the trampled mead
For fresher greens and purer air:
But long has man forgot such simple ways,
Truth unsuspecting harm — the dream of ancient days.

Ev'n he, cut off from human kind,
(Thy neighb'ring wretch) the child of care,
Who, to his native mines confin'd,
Nor sees the sun, nor breathes the air,

But 'midst the damps and darkness of earth's womb
Drags out laborious life, and scarcely dreads the tomb;

Ev'n he, should some indulgent chance

Transport him to thy sylvan reign,
Would eye the floating veil askaunce,

And hide him in his caves again,
While dire presage in every breeze, that blows,
Hears shrieks and clashing arms and all Germania's
woes.

And doubt not, thy polluted taste

A sudden vengeance shall pursue;
Each fairy form, we whilom trac'd

Along the morn or evening dew,
Nymph, Satyr, Faun shall vindicate their grove,
Robb'd of its genuine charms and hospitable Jove.

I see, all arm'd with dews unblest,

Keen frosts and noisome vapours drear,
Already from the bleak north - east

The Genius of the wood appear.
Far other office once his prime delight,
To nurse thy saplings tall, and heal the harms of
night;

With ringlets quaint to curl thy shade,
 To bid the insects tribes retire,
 To guard thy walks, and not invade — —

O wherefore then provoke his ire?
 Alas! with prayers, with tears his rage repell,
 While yet the red'ning shoots with embryo-blossoms
 swell.

Too late thou'lt weep, when blights deform
 The fairest produce of the year:
 Too late thou'lt weep, when every storm
 Shall loudly thunder in thy ear:

„ Thus, thus the green - hair'd deities maintain
 „ Their own eternal rights and nature's injur'd reign.“

Whitehead.

To a Fair - one. *)

Forgive, fair creature, form'd to please,
 Forgive a wond'ring youth's desire:
 Those charms, those virtues when he sees,
 How can he see, and not admire?

*) Coll. of Epigr. I. 345.

While each the other still improves,
The fairest face, the fairest mind,
Not, with the proverb, he that loves,
But he that loves you not, is blind.

D r i n k i n g.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
The sea itself, which, one would think,
Should have but little need to drink,
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd, that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun (and one would guess,
By's drunken fiery face, no less)
Drinks up the sea, and, when h' 'as done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there; for why

Should every creature drink, but I?
 Why, man of morals, tell me why?

Cowley.

The pretty Sally.

Of all the girls, that are so smart,
 'There's none like pretty Sally:
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.
 There is no Lady in the land,
 Is half so sweet as Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

Her father, he makes cabbage - nets,
 And thro' the streets doth cry 'em:
 Her mother, she fells laces long
 To such, as please to buy 'em.
 Be sure, such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally;
 She is the darling etc. etc.

When she is by, I leave my work,
 And love her so sincerely;

My master comes, like any turk,
And bangs me most severely;
But let him bang his belly far,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is etc. etc.

Of all the days, are in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day, that comes betwixt
The saturday and monday,
For then I'm drest in all my best,
'To walk away with Sally;
She is etc. etc.

My master carries me to church,
And often I am blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named:
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away with Sally;
She is etc. etc.

When Christmas comes about again,
O! then I shall have money:
I hoard it up, and box it all,
'To give it to my honey,

And

And would, it were ten thousand pound,
 I'd give it all to Sally;
 She is etc. etc.

My master and the neighbours all
 Make game of me and Sally,
 And (but for her) I'd better be
 A slave, and row the galley;
 But when my seven long years are out,
 O! then I'll marry Sally;
 She is etc. etc.

Ramsay.

L o v e.

To love, is to be doom'd, on earth to feel,
 What after death the tortur'd meet in hell.
 'The vulture, dipping in *Prometheus'* side
 His bloody beak, with his torn liver dy'd,
 Is love. The stone, that labours up the hill,
 Mocking the lab'rer's toil, returning still,
 Is love. Those streams, where *Tantalus* is curst,
 To sit, and never drink with endless thirst,
 Those loaden boughs, that with their burthen bend,
 To court his taste, and yet escape his hand,

Retzer's Choice. Vol. IV. S

All this is love, that to dissembled joys
Invites vain men, with real grief destroys.

Granville Lord Lansdowne.

Llewyn and Gyneth. *)

When will my troubled soul have rest?

The beauteous Llewyn cried,
As thro' the mirky shade of night
With frantic step she hied.

When shall those eyes my Gyneth's face,
My Gyneth's form survey?
When shall those longing eyes again
Behold the coming day?

Cold are the dews, that wet my cheek,
The night - mist damps the ground,
Appalling echoes strike mine ear,
And spectres gleam around.

*) The idea of the following little poem (beautiful by the interests of the subject and the simple graces of its style) it seems, is taken from

The vivid light'ning's transient rays
 Around my temples play,
 'Tis all the light, my fate affords,
 To mark my thorny way.

From the black mountain's awful height,
 Where Llathryth's turrets rise,
 The night - owl screams a direful song,
 And warns me, as she flies.

The chilling blast, the whistling winds
 The trembling ramparts shake,
 The savage tenants of the wood
 Their secret haunts forsake.

Of Branworth, lion of the field,
 Now hear a maiden plead:
 In pity spare my Gyneth's breast,
 Or too let Llewyn's bleed.

To valiant feats of arms renown'd
 Shall earthly praise be given,

S 2

a Welch story of great antiquity in the manner
 of *Offian*, but never before appeared in verse.

But deeds of mercy, mighty chief,
Are register'd in heaven.

Thy praises shall resounding fill
The palace of thy foe,
While down the joyful Llewyn's cheek
The grateful tear shall flow.

Now the grey morning's glimm'ring light
Dawn'd in the misty skies,
When at the lofty lattice grate
Her lover's form she spies.

He lives, she cried, my Gyneth lives,
Youth of the crimson shield,
The graceful hero of my heart,
The glory of the field.

Come down, my soul's delight, she said,
Thy blue - ey'd Llewyn see,
Yrganvy's daughter, thy true love,
Who lives alone for thee.

Then haste thee from thy prison - house,
Ere yet the foe doth rise!

Oh haste, ere yet the morning - sun
Doth gild the eastern skies!

O! speak, my soul is chill'd with fear,
My fault'ring foot doth fail.
Why are thy darling ey's so dim,
'Thy cheeks so deamly pale?

I am thy Gyneth's ghost, sweet maid!
Avoid the mad'ning fight!
Those eyes, that now so dead appear,
Are lock'd in endless night.

This heart, that only beats for thee,
Is rent with many a wound:
Cleft is my shield, my glitt'ring spear
Lies broken on the ground.

My bones the eagle hath convey'd,
To feed her rav'nous brood:
The savage Branworth's cruel hand
Hath spilt my purple blood.

Then hie thee hence, illfated maid,
Ere greater ills betide,

To where Tievi's silver - streams
Along the vallies glide !

There , where the modest primrose blooms ,
Pale as thy lover's shade ,
His mangled relics thou shalt find
Beneath the green turf laid.

Then hie thee hence ! with holy bands
Build up a sacred shrine ,
And oh , chaste maid , thy faith to prove ,
Mingle thy dust with mine !

The mother , who her babe beholds ,
In infant sweetness drest ,
Seiz'd by the chilling hand of death ,
Expiring at her breast ;

The village - maid , whom morrow's dawn
Had hail'd a wedded fair ,
Beholds her brother's breathless corse ,
Scorch'd by the lightning's glare ;

So stood the hopeless , frantic maid ,
Yrganvy's graceful child :

Cold was her heart, her dove-like eyes
Fix'd in amazement wild.

And art thou gone, my gallant youth,
Cropp'd in thy early prime?
I thought myself, to be thy bride,
My virgin heart was thine.

No more these sad and weeping eyes
My father's house shall see;
'Thy kindred spirit calls me hence:
I haste to follow thee.

Beside thy tomb the pilgrim's tear
Shall join the chrystal spring:
Around the solemn dirge of woe
Shall antient druids sing.

'The weary trav'ler, faint and sad,
Shall stay his steps awhile;
'The mem'ry of his own hard fate
Thy story shall beguile.

There, wet with many a holy tear,
The sweetest flow'rs shall blow:

There Llewyn's ghost shall mark the shrine
A monument of woe.

'Thrice did he ope the lattice grate,
And thrice he bid adieu,
When, lo! to join the parting shade,
The maiden's spirit flew.

*Mrs. Robinson. *)*

To a fair Lady, playing with a snake.

Strange! that such horror and such grace
Should dwell together in one place,
A Fury's arm, an Angel's face.

'Tis innocence and youth, which makes
In Chloris fancy such mistakes,
To start at love, and play with snakes.

By this and by her coldness barr'd,
Her servants have a task too hard:
The tyrant has a double guard.

Thrice happy snake, that in her sleeve
May boldly creep! we dare not give
Our thoughts so unconfined a leave.

*) London Chronicle. November 22. 1785.

Contented in that nest of snow
 He lies, as he his bliss did know,
 And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair Eve! you do not make
 Another tempter of this snake:
 A marble one so warm'd would speak.

Waller.

Oxfordshire - Nancy bewitched.
 a Ballad.

Tho' I'm slim, and am young, and was lively and
 fair,

Cou'd sing a sweet song, and in others kill care,
 Yet I'm surely bewitch'd, for I can't drive away,
 What makes me so restless by night and by day.

In vain I perplex my poor fancy,

To find out the grief,

But, alas! no relief:

Heighs! what can be the matter with Nancy?

With my head on my pillow I seek for repose,

Which comes to the wretched, and softens their woes:

But sleepless, though blameless, I sigh thro' the night,

And the day can't relieve me, tho' ever so bright.

In vain I perplex etc.

So evil a spirit, that haunts a poor maid,
 By the grave sons of physick can never be laid:
 If a youth, vers'd in magick, would take me in hand,
 I'm sure of a cure, if he waves but his wand.

In vain I perplex etc.

A young Oxford - scholar knows well my sad case;
 For he look'd in my eyes, and read over my face:
 So learn'd he talk'd, that I felt at my heart,
 He must have a great skill in the magical art.

In vain I perplex etc.

O send for this scholar, and let him prescribe,
 He'll do me more good, than the medical tribe:
 Then the rose with the lily again shall appear,
 And my heart, now so heavy, dance thro' the whole
 year.

No more I'll perplex my poor fancy,

To find out the grief;

For he'll soon bring relief:

Heighs! he knows, what's the matter with Nancy!

Garrick. *)

*) London Magazine. September 1779.

To Stella on her giving the Author
a gold and silk-net-purse of her own
weaving.

Though gold and silk their charms unite,
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the varied work would shine,
If wrought by any hand, but thine,
Thy hand, that knows the subtler art,
To weave those nets, that catch the heart.
Spread out by me the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine:
Nor can I hope, thy silken chain
The glittering vagrants shall restrain.
Why, Stella! was it thus decreed,
The heart, once caught, should ne'er be freed?

Johnson.

On the death of Mr. Jordan, second
master at Westminster - school.

Here lies the master of my tender years,
The guardian of my parent's hope and fears,
Whose government ne'er stood me in a tear;
All weeping was reserv'd, to spend it here.

He pluck'd from youth the follies and the crimes,
 And built up men against the future times;
 For deeds of age are in their causes then,
 And though he taught but boys, he made the men.
 Hence 'twas, a master in those ancient days,
 When men sought knowledge first, and by it praise,
 Was a thing full of reverence, profit, fame:
 Father itself was but a second name.
 And if a Muse hereafter smile on me,
 And say, „be thou a poet, “ men shall see,
 'That none could a more gratefull scholar have;
 For what I ow'd his life, I'll pay his grave.

Cowley.

Written at Mr. Pope's house at Twickenham, which he had lent to Mrs. G — lle. In August 1735.

Go, Thames, and tell the busy town,
 Not all its wealth or pride
 Could tempt me from the charms, that crown
 Thy rural flow'ry side;

 Thy flow'ry side, where Pope has plac'd
 The Muses green retreat,

With ev'ry smile of nature grac'd ,
 With every art compleat.

But now , sweet bard , thy heav'nly song
 Enchants us here no more :
 Their darling glory , lost too long ,
 Thy once lov'd shades deplore.

Yet still for beauteous G — lle's sake
 The Muses here remain ,
 G — lle , whose eyes have power , to make
 A Pope of every swain.

S o n g.

When first upon your tender cheek
 I saw the morn of beauty break
 With mild and cheering beam ,
 I bow'd before your infant shrine :
 The earliest sighs , you had , were mine ,
 And you my darling theme.

I saw you in that opening morn
 For beauty's boundless empire born ,
 And first confess'd your sway ,

And e'er your thoughts, devoid of art,
Could learn the value of a heart,
I gave my heart away.

I watch'd the dawn of every grace,
And gaz'd upon that angel-face,
While yet 'twas safe to gaze,
And fondly blest each rising charm,
Nor thought, such innocence could harm
The peace of future days.

But now despotic o'er the plains
The awful noon of beauty reigns,
And kneeling crowds adore.
These charms arise too fiercely bright:
Danger and death attend the sight,
And I must hope no more.

Thus to the rising God of day
Their early vows the Persians pay,
And bless the spreading fire,
Whose glowing chariot, mounting soon,
Pours on their heads the burning noon:
They sicken and expire.

Aikin.

On a fit of the gout.

Wherefore was man thus form'd with eye sublime,
 With active joints, to traverse hill or plain,
 But to contemplate nature in her prime,

Lord of this ample world, his fair domain?
 Why on this various earth such beauty pour'd,
 But for thy pleasure, man, her sovereign lord?

Why does the mantling vine her juice afford
 Nectareous, but to cheer with cordial taste?

Why are the earth and air and ocean stor'd
 With beast, fish, fowl, if not for man's repast?
 Yet what avails to me or taste or sight,
 Exil'd from every object of delight?

So much I feel of anguish, day and night
 Tortur'd, benumb'd: in vain the fields to range,
 Me vernal breezes and mild sun invite:

In vain the banquet smokes with kindly change
 Of delicacies, while on every plate
 Pain lurks in ambush and alluring fate.

Fool! not to know, the friendly powers create
 These maladies in pity to mankind,

These abdicated reason reinstate,

When lawless appetite usurps the mind,
Heaven's faithful centries at the door of bliss,
Plac'd to deter, or to chastise excess.

Weak is the aid of wisdom, to repress

Passion perverse: philosophy how vain
'Gainst Circe's cup, enchanting forcerefs,

Or when the Syren sings her warbling strain!
Whate'er or sages teach, or bards reveal,
Men still are men, and learn but, when they feel.

As in some free and well - pois'd common - weal

Sedition warns the rulers, how to fear,
As storms and thunders, rattling with loud peal,
From noxious dregs the dull horizon clear,
So when the mind imbrutes in sloth supine,
Sharp pangs awake her energy divine.

Cease then, ah, cease, fond mortal, to repine

At laws, which nature wisely did ordain;
Pleasure, what is it? Rightly to define,

'Tis but a short - liv'd interval from pain:
Or rather each alternately renew'd,
Gives to our lives a sweet vicissitude.

Nature to Dr. Hoadly on his comedy
of the suspicious husband.

Sly hypocrite ! was this your aim ?
To borrow Paeon's sacred name ,
And lurk beneath his graver mien ,
To trace the secrets of my reign ?
Did I for this applaud your zeal ,
And point out each minuter wheel ,
Which finely taught the next to roll ,
And made my works one perfect whole ?
For who , but I , 'till you appear'd ,
To model the dramatic herd ,
E'er bade to wond'ring ears and eyes
Such pleasing intricacies rise ,
Where every part is nicely true ,
Yet touches still some master - clue ,
Each riddle opening by degrees ,
'Till all unravels with such ease ,
That only those , who will be blind ,
Can feel one doubt perplex their mind ?

Nor was't enough , you thought to write ,
But you must impiously unite
With Garrick too , who long before
Had stole my whole expressive pow'r ?
That changeful Proteus of the stage

Usurps my mirth, my grief, my rage,
And, as his diff'rent parts incline,
Gives joys or pains, sincere as mine.

Yet you shall find, (howe'er elate
You triumph in your former cheat)

'Tis not so easy, to escape
In Nature's, as in Paeon's shape;
For every critic, great or small,
Hates every thing, that's natural.

The beaus and ladies too can say,
What does he mean? is this a play?
We see such people every day.

Nay more, to chafe and tease your spleen,
And teach you, how to steal again,
My very fools shall prove, you're bit,
And damn you for your want of wit.

Whitehead.

Musik and Beauty.

Musik hath pow'r, to melt the soul:

By beauty's nature sway'd,
Each can the universe controul
Without the other's aid.

But how together both appear,
 And force united try?
 Musik enchants the list'ning ear,
 And beauty charms the eye.

What cruelty, those pow'rs to join!
 These transports who can bear?
 Oh! let the sound be less divine,
 Or look the nymph less fair!

S o n g.

If wine and musik hath the pow'r,
 'To ease the sickness of the soul,
 Let Phoebus ev'ry string explore,
 And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
 Let them their friendly aid employ,
 To make my Chloe's absence light,
 And seek for pleasure, to destroy
 The sorrows of this live - long night.

But she to morrow will return:
 Venus, be thou to morrow great!
 Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn,
 And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state!

Kind goddess, to no other pow'rs

Let us to morrow blessings own!

Thy darling loves shall guide the hours,

And all the day be thine alone.

Prior.

To Miss Lucy F —, on her pleading
want of time.

On 'Thames's bank a gentle youth

For Lucy sigh'd with matchless truth,

Ev'n when he sigh'd in rhyme:

The lovely maid his flame return'd,

And would with equal warmth have burn'd,

But that she had not time.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet

In secret shades, his fair to meet

Beneath th' accustom'd lyme:

She would have fondly met him there,

And heal'd with love each tender care,

But that she had not time.

„ It was not thus, inconstant maid,

„ You acted once (the shepherd said)

„ When love was in its prime. “
 She griev'd , to hear him thus complain ,
 And would have writ , to ease his pain ,
 But that she had not time.

„ How can you act so cold a part ?
 „ No crime of mine has chang'd your heart ,
 „ If love be not a crime. —
 „ We soon must part for months , for years — “
 She would have answer'd with her tears ,
 But that she had not time.

A g e.

Oft am I by the women told ,
 Poor Anacreon , thou grow'st old :
 Look , how thy hairs are falling all !
 Poor Anacreon , how they fall !
 Whether I grow old or no ,
 By th' effects I do not know.
 This I know , without being told ,
 'Tis time , to live , if I grow old ,
 'Tis time , short pleasures now to take ,
 Of little life the best to make ,
 And manage wisely the last stake.

Translation of a Spanish Madrigal.

For me my fair a wreath has wove,
Where rival flow'rs in union meet:
As oft she kiss'd this gift of love,
Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

A bee within a damask rose
Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip:
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
And fixes on Louisa's lip.

There, tasting all the bloom of spring,
Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May,
Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey fled away. *)

Garrick.

*) Iba cogiendo flores
Y guardando en la falda
Mi ninfa, para hacer una guirnalda;
Mas primero las toca
A los rosados labios de su boca,
Y les dá de su aliento los olores;
Y estaba (por su bien) entre una rosa

Delany to Swift. *)

Dear Sir, I think, 'tis doubly hard,
 Your ears and doors should both be barr'd.
 Can any thing be more unkind?
 Must I not see, 'cause you are blind?
 Methinks, a friend at night should cheer you,
 A friend, that loves, to see and hear you.
 Why am I robb'd of that delight,
 When you can be no loser by 't,
 Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
 That, if you heard, you'd be no gainer?
 For sure, you are not yet to learn,
 That hearing is not your concern.

T 4

Una abeja escondida,
 Su dulce humor hurtando;
 Y como en la hermosa
 Flor de los labios se hallò? atrevida,
 La picò, sacò miel, fuese volando.

*) Sent by Dr. Delany to Dr. Swift, in order
 to be admitted, to speak to him, when he was
 deaf.

Then be your doors no longer barr'd :
Your business, Sir, is to be heard.

T h e A n f w e r.

The wise pretend, to make it clear,
'Tis no great loss, to lose an ear,
Why are we then so fond of two,
When by experience one 't would do?

'Tis true, say they, cut off the head,
And there's an end; the man is dead,
Because, among all human race,
None e'er was known to have a brace:
But confidently they maintain,
That, where we find the members twain,
The loss of one is no such trouble,
Since t' other will in strength be double.
The limb surviving, you may swear,
Becomes his brother's lawful heir:
Thus for a trial let me beg of
Your Rev'ence but to cut one leg off,
And you shall find, by this device,
The other will be stronger twice;
For, ev'ry day you shall be gaining
New vigour to the leg remaining.

So, when an eye hath lost its brother,
 You see the better with the other.
 Cut off your hand, and you may do
 With t' other hand the work of two,
 Because the soul her power contracts,
 And on the brother limb re - acts.

But, yet the point is not so clear in
 Another case, the sense of hearing;
 For though the place of either ear
 Be distant, as one head can bear,
 Yet Galen most acutely shews you,
 (Consult his books de partium usu)
 That from each ear, as he observes,
 There creep two auditory nerves,
 Not to be seen without a glass,
 Which near the os petrosum pass,
 Thence to the neck, and, moving thorow there,
 One goes to this and one to th'other ear,
 Which made my grand - dame always stuff her ears,
 Both right and left as fellow - sufferers.
 You see my learning: but to shorten it,
 When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
 To th'other ear I felt it coming on,
 And thus I solve this hard phaenomenon.

'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies
 To weak or old or clouded eyes:

Your arms , though both your eyes were lost ,
 Would guard your nose against a post :
 Without your legs , two legs of wood
 Are stronger and almost as good ,
 And as for hands , there have been those ,
 Who , wanting both , have us'd their toes :
 But no contrivance yet appears ,
 To furnish artificial ears.

Swift.

Song, written about 250. years ago.

I cannot eat but little meat ;
 My stomach is not good :
 But sure I think , that I can drink
 With him , that wears a hood.
 Though I go bare , take ye no care —
 I am nothing a colde ;
 I stufte my skin so full within
 Of joly good ale and old.

Back and side , go bare , go bare ,
 Both foot and hand , go cold :
 But , belly , God send thee good ale inought ,
 Wheter it be new or old.

I love no rost, but a nut - brown toste,

And a trab laid in the fire :

A little bread shall do me stead ;

Much bread I not desire.

No frost, nor snow, no winde, I trow,

Can hurt me, if I wolde,

I am so wrapt and throwly lapt

Of joly good ale and old.

Back and side, etc.

And Tib, my wife, that, as her life,

Loveth well, good ale to seek,

Full ofte drinks shee, till ye may see

The teares run down her cheeke :

Then doth she howle to me the bowle,

Even as a mault worm shuld,

And faith, sweet - heart, I took my part

Of this joly good ale and old.

Back and side, etc.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,

Even as good fellows should do :

They shall not misse, to have the blisse,

Good ale doth bring men to,

And all poor souls, that have scowered bowles,

Or them, that have lustely trolde,

God save the lives of them and their wives,
Wheter they be young or old!
Back and side, etc.

T o C h l o r i n d a.

Dame Venus, a daughter of Jove's,
And among all his daughters most fair,
Loft, it seems, t'other day the two doves,
That wafted her car through the air.

The dame made a heavy sad rout,
Ran about heav'n and earth, to condole 'em,
And fought high and low, to find out,
Where the biddyes were stray'd, or who stole
'em.

To the god, who the stragglers should meet,
She promis'd most tempting fine pay,
Six kisses, than honey more sweet,
And a seventh, far sweeter than they.

The proposal no sooner was made,
But it put all the gods in a flame;

For who would not give all, he had,
To be kiss'd by so dainty a dame?

To Cyprus, to Paphos they run,
Where the goddess oft us'd to retire;
Some rode round the world with the sun,
And search'd every country and shire.

But with all their hard running and riding
Not a god of 'em claim'd the reward;
For no one could tell tale or tiding,
If the doves were alive, or were starv'd.

At last the sly shooter of men,
Young Cupid, (I beg the god's pardon)
Mama, your blue birds I have seen
In a certain terrestrial garden.

Where, where, my dear child, quickly shew,
Quoth the dame, almost out of her wits:
Do but go to Chlorinda's, says Cu,
And you'll find 'em in shape of pewits.

Is it she, that hath done me this wrong?
Full well I know her and her arts;

She has follow'd the thieving trade long,
But I thought, she dealt only in hearts.

I shall soon make her know, so I shall —
And with that to Jove's palace she run,
And began like a bedlam to bawl:
I 'm cheated, I 'm robb'd, I 'm undone.

Chlorinda, whom none can approach
Without losing his heart or his senses,
Has stol'n the two doves from my coach,
And now flaunts it at Venus' expences.

She has chang'd the poor things to pewits,
And keeps 'em like ord'nary fowls:
So, when she robs men of their wits,
She turns 'em to asses or owls.

I could tell you of many a hundred
Of figure, high station and means,
Whom she without mercy has plunder'd,
Ever since she came into her teens.

But her thefts upon earth I'd have born,
Or have let 'em all pass for mere fable:

But nothing will serve now her turn,
But the doves out of Venus's stable.

Is it fit, let your Mightyship say,
That I, like some pitiful flirt,
Should tarry within doors all day,
Or else trudge it afoot in the dirt?

Is it fit, that a mortal should trample
On me, who am styl'd queen of beauty?
O make her, great Jove, an example,
And teach nimble fingers her duty!

Sir Jove, when he heard her thus rage,
For all his great gravity smil'd,
And then, like a judge wise and sage,
He began in terms sober and mild:

Learn, daughter, to bridle your tongue,
Forbear, to traduce with your prattle
The fair, who has done you no wrong,
And scorn's, to purloin goods and chattle!

She needs neither gewgaw, nor trinket,
To carry the world all before her;

Her deserts , I would have you to think it ,
Are enough to make all men adore her.

Your doves are alop'd , I confess ,
And chose with Chlorinda to dwell ;
But blame not the lady for this ;
For sure , 'tis no crime , to excell.

As for them , I applaud their high aims ;
Having serv'd from the time of their birth
The fairest of heavenly dames ,
They would now serve the fairest on earth.

Alfop.

Verses to a Lady , with an artificial
rose.

Fair copy of the fairest flower !
Thy colours equal nature's power ;
Thou hast the rose's blushing hue ,
Art full as pleasing to the view.
Go then to Chloe's lovely breast ,
Whose sweetness can give all the rest !
But if at first thy artful make
Her hasty judgment should mistake ,

And

And she grow peevish at the cheat,
 Urge, 'twas an innocent deceit,
 And safely too thou may'st aver,
 The first^a, I ever us'd to her.
 Then bid her mark, that, as to view
 The rose has nothing more than you,
 That so, if to the eye alone
 Her wondrous beauty she made known,
 That, if she never will dispense
 A trial to some sweeter sense,
 Nature no longer we prefer;
 Her very picture equals her.
 Then whisper gently in her ear,
 Say softly, if the blushing fair
 Should to such good advice incline,
 How much I wish that trial mine.

Fox.

Song on a fine woman, who had
 a dull husband.

When on fair Celia's eyes I gaze,
 And bless their light divine,
 I stand confounded with amaze,
 To think on what they shine.

On one vile clod of earth she seems
To fix their influence,
Which kindles not at those bright beams,
Nor wakens into sense.

Loft and bewilder'd with the thought,
I cou'd not but complain,
That nature's lavish hand had wrought
This fairest work invain.

Thus some, who have the stars survey'd,
Are ignorantly led,
To think, those glorious lamps were made,
To light Tom - Fool to bed.

Rowe.

Ode to Superstition.

Hence to some convent's gloomy isles,
Where chearful day - light never smiles,
Tyrant, from Albion haste to slavish Rome!
There by dim tapers livid light
At the still solemn hours of night
In pensive musings walk o'er many a sounding tomb!

Thy clanking chains , thy crimson steel,
 Thy venom'd darts and barbarous wheel,
 Malignant fiend , bear from this isle away,
 Nor dare in error's fetters bind
 One active , freeborn British mind ,
 That strongly strives to spring indignant from thy
 sway!

Thou bad'st grim Moloch's frowning priest
 Snatch screaming infants from the breast,
 Regardless of the frantic mother's woes :
 Thou led'st the ruthless sons of Spain
 'To wondering India's golden plain,
 From deluges of blood where tenfold harvests rose.

But lo ! how swiftly art thou fled ,
 Where reason lifts his radiant head !
 When his resounding awful voice they hear ,
 Blind ignorance , thy doating fire ,
 Thy daughter , trembling fear , retire ,
 And all thy ghastly train of terrors disappear.

So by the Magi hail'd from far ,
 When Phoebus mounts his early car ,
 The shrieking ghosts to their dark charnels flock :

The full - gorg'd wolves retreat , no more
The prowling lionesses roar,
But hasten with their prey to some deep - cavern'd
rock.

Hail then, ye friends of reason ! hail,
Ye foes to mystery's odious veil !
To truth's high temple guide my steps aright,
Where Clarke and Wollaston reside,
With Locke and Newton by their side,
While Plato sits above enthron'd in endless light !
Warton.

An excuse for inconstancy, 1737.

When Phoebus's beams are withdrawn from our
fight,
We admire his fair sister, the regent of night;
Though languid her beauty, though feeble her ray,
Yet still she's akin to the god of the day.
When Susan, like Cynthia, has finish'd her reign,
Then Charlotte, like Phoebus, shall shine out again.
As Catholic bigots fall humbly before
The pictures of those, whom in heart they adore,

Which, though known, to be nothing but canvass
and paint,

Yet are said, to enliven their zeal to the faint,

So to Susan I bow, charming Charlotte! for she

Has just beauty enough, to remind me of thee.

Inconstant and faithless in love's the pretence,

On which you arraign me: pray, hear my defence.

Such censures as these to my credit redound:

I acknowledge and thank a good appetite for 't;

When ven'son and claret are not to be found,

I can make a good meal upon mutton and port.

Tho' Highclear's *) so fine, that a prince would not
scorn it,

'Though nature and taste have combin'd, to adorn it,

Yet the artist, that owns it, would think it severe,

Were a law made, to keep him there all round the
year.

How enrag'd would the rector of Boscoville **) look,

If the king should enjoin him, to read but one book!

And how would his audience their fortune bemoan,

If he gave them no sermons, but what were his own!

U 3

*) The seat of the honourable R. H — t.

**) Wotton, the author's parish in the isle of
Wight.

'Tis variety only, makes appetite last,
And by changing our dishes we quicken our taste.

Lisle.

Ode anacreontic.

I'm resolv'd, in a tavern with honour to die:
At my mouth place a full-flowing bowl,
That angels, while round me they hover, may cry:
„Peace, o God, peace to this jolly soul!“

By toping the mind with fresh vigour is fraught,
The heart too soars up to the skies:
Give me wine, that's unmix'd — not that watery
draught,
Which the President's butler supplies!

To each man his gift nature gives to enjoy:
To pretend, to write well, is a jest,
When I am hungry: I yield, overcome by a boy,
And a fast like the grave I detest.

My verses all taste of the wine, that I stow;
While I'm empty, my Muse is unkind:

But with bumpers enliven'd, how sweet does she flow!
Fam'd Ovid I leave far behind.

Till my belly's well fill'd, truths I ne'er can divine:
But when Bacchus presides in my pate,
The strong impulse I feel of the great god of rhyme,
And wonderful things I relate. *)

Derby of Fordingbridge Hants.

Recollection, to Miss A — M — humbly
inscribed by the authorefs.

Mneme, begin! inspire, ye sacred Nine,
Your vent'rous Afric in the deep design!
Do ye rekindle the celestial fire,
Ye god-like powers! the glowing thoughts inspire!
Immortal pow'r! I trace thy sacred spring:
Assist my strains, while I thy glories sing!
By thee past acts of many a thousand year,

U 4

*) An imitation after the same ode, written by
Walter de Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, the
Anacreon of the eleventh century:

Mihi est propositum in taberna mori: etc.

Rang'd in due order, to the mind appear:
The long - forgot, thy gentle hand conveys,
Returns, and soft upon the fancy plays.
Calm in the visions of the night he pours
Th' exhaustless treasures of his secret stores.
Swift from above he wings his downy flight
Thro' Phoebus realm, fair regent of the night.
Thence to the raptur'd poet gives his aid,
Dwells in his heart, or hovers round his head,
To give instruction to the lab'ring mind,
Diffusing light, celestial and refin'd.
Still he pursues, unwearied in the race,
And wraps his senses in the pleasing maze.
The heav'nly phantom points the actions done
In the past worlds, and tribes beneath the sun.
He from his throne in ev'ry human breast
Has vice condemn'd, and ev'ry virtue bless'd.
Sweet are the sounds, in which thy words we hear,
Celestial music to the ravish'd ear.
We hear thy voice, resounding o'er the plains,
Excelling Maro's sweet Menellian strains.
But awful thou to that perfidious race,
Who scorn thy warnings, nor the good embrace;
By thee unveil'd, the horrid crime appears,
Thy mighty hand redoubled fury bears:
The time mis - spent augments their hell of woes,

While through each breast the dire contagion flows.
 Now turn and leave the rude ungraceful scene,
 And paint fair virtue in immortal green.
 For ever flourish in the glowing veins,
 For ever flourish in poetic strains.
 Be thy employ, to guide my early days,
 And thine the tribute of my youthful lays.

Now eighteen years *) their destin'd course have
 run

In due succession round the central sun.
 How did each folly unregarded pass!
 But sure, 'tis graven on eternal brass.
 To recollect, inglorious I return;
 'Tis mine, past follies and past crimes to mourn.
 The virtue, ah! unequal to the vice,
 Will scarce afford small reason to rejoice.

Such, Recollection! is thy pow'r, high - thron'd
 In ev'ry breast of mortals, ever own'd.
 The wretch, who dar'd the vengeance of the skies,
 At last awakes with horror and surprise.
 By thee alarm'd, he sees impending fate,
 He howls in anguish, and repents to late.
 But oft thy kindness moves with timely fear
 The furious rebel in his mad career.

U 5

*) Her age.

Thrice blest'd the man, who in thy sacred shrine
Improves the refuge from the wrath divine! *)

*Wheatley. **)*

*) Copy of a letter, sent by Wheatley's master to the publisher. „ Phillis Wheatley (a young African Negro - woman at Boston in New - England) was brought from Africa to America in the year 1761. between seven and eight years of age. Without any assistance from school-education, and by only, what she was taught in the family, she, in sixteen months time from her arrival, attained the English language, to which she was an utter stranger before, to such a degree, as to read any, the most difficult parts of the sacred writings to the great astonishment of all, who heard her. As to her writing, her own curiosity let her to it, and this she learnt in so short a time, that in the year 1765. she wrote a letter to the Rev. Mr. Occom, the Indian minister, while in England. She has a great inclination, to learn the Latin tongue, and has made some progress in it. This relation is given by her master, who bought her, and with whom she now lives. Boston, Nov. 14. 1772. *John Wheatley.* “

**) Poems on various subjects religious and moral

The Queen of the Meadows.

Come, Amanda, charming creature,
 Hear the woodland warblers sing,
 While each forward nymph of nature
 Now is pregnant with the spring!
 Haste to view the dawning blushes
 On dame Flora's infants, seen
 All beneath the blooming bushes
 Swaddled in their mantles green!
 Rise, fair damsel, with Aurora,
 Rise and see their early pride!
 Visit Flora's offspring — Flora
 Will repay you, when a bride,
 Will return it by pourtraying
 On your children's faces fair
 Such soft tinges sweet, displaying
 Ev'ry rose and lily there.
 Ev'ry rural charm is wasted,
 Dull is ev'ry landscape round,
 Spring itself remains untasted,
 Till the Meadow's Queen is crown'd.

by Phillis Wheatley, Negro - servant to Mr.
 John Wheatley of Boston in New - England.
 London 1773. 8.

Ev'ry grace attends about you,
 All things sweet compose thy train,
 All is anarchy without you :
 Hastè and bless us with thy reign!

O n V o l t a i r e. *)

E nthusiasts, Lutherans and Monks
 Jews, Syndics, Calvinists and Punks
 Voltaire an Atheist call,
 While he, unhurt, in placid mood,
 To prove himself a Christian good,
 Kindly forgives them all.

The swiftness of time. **)

M y golden locks time hath to silver turn'd,
 (Oh time too swift, and swiftness never ceasing!)

*) Poems, consisting of Tales, Fables, Epigrams etc.
 by Nobody. London 1770. 8.

**) These pretty verses are taken from Walpole's
 Antiquities, and were never before published.
 Sir Henry Lea, the brave ancestor of the pre-

My youth 'gainst age, and age at youth have spurn'd,

But spurn'd invain — youth vaineth by increasing.

Beauty, strength and youthe flowers fading beene:

Duty, faith and love are rootes and ever - greene.

My helmet now shall make an hive for bees,

And lovers song shall turne to holy psalmes:

A man at armes must now sit on his knees,

And feed on pray'rs, that are old ages almes.

And so from court to cottage I depart:

My faint is sure of mine unspotted heart.

And when I fadly sit in homely cell,

I'll teach my swains this carrol for a song:

Blest be the hearts, that think my sovereigne well!

Curs'd be the soules, that think to do her wrong!

Goddesse, vouchsafe this aged man his right,

To be your beadsman now, that was your knight!

Walpole.

sent Litchfield - family, was master of the armoury to Queen Elizabeth, and made a vow, to present himself annually at the tilt armed, there to perform it in honour of her Majesty's accession to the throne. Becoming at length very old, he resigned his office to the Earl of Cumberland with great pomp, and on this occasion presented these verses to her Majesty,

A Farewell to America.

Adieu, New - England's smiling meads,
Adieu, the flow'ry plain!
I leave thine op'ning charms, o spring,
And tempt the roaring main.

Invain for me the flow'rets rise,
And boast their gaudy pride,
While here beneath the northern skies
I mourn for health deny'd.

Celestial maid of rosy hue,
O let me feel thy reign!
I languish, till thy face I view,
'Thy vanish'd joys regain.

Sufannah mourns, nor can I bear
To see the crystal show'r,
Or mark the tender falling tear
At sad departure's hour.

Not unregarding can I see
Her soul with grief oppress'd:
But let no sighs, no groans for me
Steal from her pensive breast.

Invain the feather'd warblers sing,
 Invain the garden blooms,
And on the bosom of the spring
 Breathes out her sweet perfumes.

While for Britannia's distant shore
 We sweep the liquid plain,
And with astonish'd eyes explore
 The wide - extended main,

Lo! health appears, celestial dame,
 Complacent and serene,
With Hebe's mantle o'er her frame,
 With soul - delighting mein,

To mark the vale, where London lies
 With misty vapours crown'd,
Which cloud Aurora's thousand dyes,
 And veil her charms around.

Why, Phoebus, moves thy car so slow?
 So slow thy rising ray?
Give us the famous town to view,
 Thou glorious king of day!

For thee , Britannia , I resign
 New - England's smiling fields :
 To view again her charms divine ,
 What joy the prospect yields !

But thou , temptation , hence away
 With all thy fatal train ,
 Nor once seduce my soul away
 By thine enchanting strain !

Thrice happy they , whose heav'nly shield
 Secures their souls from harms ,
 And fell temptation on the field
 Of all its pow'r disarms !

Wheatley.

The tears of Amynta for the death of Damon.

On a bank , beside a willow ,
 Heav'n her covering , earth her pillow ,
 Sad Amynta sigh'd alone.
 From the chearless dawn of morning
 'Till the dews of night returning
 Singing, thus she made her moan :

Hope

Hope is banish'd ,
Joys are vanish'd ,
Damon , my belov'd , is gone.

Time , I dare thee to discover
Such a youth and such a lover :
Oh ! so true , so kind was he !
Damon was the pride of nature ,
Charming in his ev'ry feature ,

Damon liv'd alone for me :
Melting kisses ,
Murm'ring blisses ,
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we ?

Never shall we curse the morning ,
Never bless the night returning ,
Sweet embraces to restore :
Never shall we both lie dying ,
Nature failing , love supplying
All the joys, he drain'd before.
To befriend me ,
Death , come , end me !
Love and Damon are no more.

Dryden.

To thee I dedicate these rambling lays,
And hold thy smiles beyond a monarch's bays.

See on our bliss the nuptial year decline,
And still the sun, which lit it, seems to shine:
Crown'd is our union with a smiling boy,
And thou still courted like a virgin coy.
Ye shades of lovers! witness, what we feel —
To modern couples vain were the appeal.

'Tho' human joys are ever on the wing,
'Tho' small the scope of life's enchanted ring,
'Tho' time advances with a courser's pace,
And still must rob thee of some charm or grace,
No sights ungrateful can salute our eyes,
Who use no optics, but what love supplies,
Who but in this betray a partial side,
Still each to each, the bridegroom and the bride.

Irwin.

The End of the fourth Volume.

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